

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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ROME'S LAST PAGEANT, NOVEMBER, 1867

"Yesterday the entire City went out of Porta Pia in carriages and on foot to greet the captives, and were met by a long train of the wounded. * * * The melancholy procession was watched by 40,000 spectators. * * * But the vast crowd preserved an unbroken silence, only uncovering to the Garibaldians."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, November 22, 1867.

OPEN thy gates, O Rome, to those that come, —
Open thy gates and let the vanquished in.
Thus — with no measured sound of life and drum —
Thus — with no ransomed people's joyous din,
Silently meet thy conquered children, Rome!
This is their welcome to their ancient home!

To Porta Pia, down the paven road,
Go forth the crowds to meet the dreary train;
Wearily drag the wagons with their load
From the bright hills across the dusty plain;
Those hills from whence they watched St.
Peter's dome,
And dreamed that they were waited for in Rome.

And Rome waits for them. By the long, dead walls,
Where hides Torlonia's Villa with its gate,
From where the water in the Piazza falls
To the low cypress by St. Agnes gate
Romans, by tens of thousands, watch to-day,
And crowd the stones of the Nomentan way.

Poor was the victory — little is the show —
Lo! Rome's deliverers — wounded beggar-boys!

When Romans, richer, older, wiser grow,
They think of winter-trading and the joys
Of piled Polenta. Let the Pope remain —
And let his subjects make their righteous gain!

Yet there is something stirring in their heart
For those who fought to conquer or to die;
No cheers. French bayonets are not far apart;
Yet, as the moaning freights go slowly by
Each head uncovers. So they enter Rome —
Their prize erewhile — their prison now —
their home.

Dishonoured City! Glory of the Past!
Shame of the Present — is there left to thee
A Future? Will thy chains be ever cast?
Thy priests, God's servants? and thy people free?

And will thy children ever learn to fear
That King alone, whose Kingdom is not here?

Hopeless our hope! Thy lowest fall is now;
Shrine of long memories, happy are thy dead.
Blest are the wounded captives lying low —
But thou art fallen — thy earthly light is fled.
"Tlicet." All that made thee great is gone —
Our only reverence is for earth and stone.

If thou art desert in the future times
If daisies in the DORIA's palace grow;
If ivy round thy RAPHAEL's Loggie climbs,
Thou wilt be better, nobler, then than now.
A marble cumbered plain — a ruined Dome —
That is the only Freedom left for Rome.
Punch.

IN THE ALMS HOUSE.

On the bush and brake the frost is hoar;
Knee deep, in hollows, lies the snow;
While softly, up and down the floor,
The feet of wintry moonbeams go;
And in the hush, before the dawn,
A boyish face is growing wan.

The death-watch answers beat for beat
With his poor heart, that moves so slow;
He hears the watchman in the street,
He hears the river's sluggish flow,
And through his brain there runs a dim
Remembrance of a childish hymn.

Again he lies upon the grass,
Beneath a chestnut's flut'ring leaves;
He sees the midday glory pass,
He hears the dove that faintly grieves;
And all these memories among
There steals the hymn his mother sung.

No loving tears are on his cheek,
No kisses on his eyelids fall;
None mark the wrist-pulse growing weak,
None listen to the Master's call:
Alone, he goes, with bated breath,
To meet this mystery of death.

The moonbeams scarcely gild the panes,
Her golden disk has dropp'd so low;
He thinks how tired the men will be
To-morrow, digging in the snow,
Beside that grave the angels keep —
And whispers, "Now I'll go to sleep."

His ears grow dull to earthly sound;
The thin hands clasp upon his breast;
A wondrous music swells around —
His soul hath entered into rest.
Rise up, O sun, and hail the day!
Through death he enters life for aye!
[Little Corporal.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

THE SATIRISTS OF THE REFORMATION.

SOME difference of opinion has always existed amongst men of letters as to the importance which ought to be attached to the work done by satire in the world's history. Mr. Hallam was inclined, we think, to underrate it; which is the more remarkable since his own generation afforded a memorable instance of its influence. Not men of literature only, but the gravest politicians of both sides, were agreed that Béranger did more to overthrow the Bourbons than any other single Frenchman. And Béranger's simple instrument was, as he says himself, *satire chantée*; he did his work solely by satirical song. The poet to whom he is oftenest compared, Burns, had not the stimulant of a revolution to give his wit a direction so thoroughly political. Nevertheless, Burns too produced a distinct social effect by a similar exercise of his talent. He helped to make Scotch fanaticism weak, by making it ludicrous; and consigned "Holy Willie" and his comrades to the same ridiculous list in which Béranger placed the Jesuits of Charles Dix. Satire, it would seem, supplies an element which is necessary to the complete success of any historical movement. It enlists the worldly part of mankind in a cause, and makes them co-operate with the enthusiasts. It carries great questions into people's hours of amusement, and associates them with fun and hilarity. It represents, essentially, the common-sense view of affairs; and thus acts as a check even on the extravagances of its own side. Accordingly, we hardly know a period of importance in the records of the race which has not left us some specimens of the satirical art. Dig where we will, satirical weapons are found; and their shape and make throw a valuable light on the generations which used them. The loss of Aristophanes would have involved the loss of some of the most striking qualities of the Greek language, and of a thousand instructive details of Athenian life. The loss of Béranger would involve the loss of some of the most classic French that has been written since the days of La Fontaine and Racine; and would blot out a chapter in the history of Parisian opinion and Parisian manners.

The satirists of whom we are now to speak are less known than any. For the most part they wrote in Latin, and the modern Latin writers of Europe hang suspended between the ancient and modern worlds without belonging to either. Nev-

ertheless, there are symptoms that the literary character of the Reformation is now recognized more amply than it used to be, of which Mr. Seeböhm's late volume is one. The popular books on the subject make little account except of the preachers,—who, indeed, are usually spoken of as the Reformers proper. But before the preachers could do their work at all, the way had been prepared for them by scholars and men of letters, humorists and wits. Reuchlin, Erasmus, Ulrich von Hutten, Rabelais, Sir David Lindsay, and Buchanan,—these men and their friends were earlier in the field than the Luthers, Calvins, and Knoxes, and were of no less value in their own part of the fight. They supplied the ideas of the great revolution, and disseminated them amongst the middle and upper classes by whom it was made. They prevented it from becoming a mere mob movement, which must have destroyed civilization, and led to a reaction tenfold worse than that which actually took place. Nor do we think it of vital consequence that some of them, like Erasmus and our own More, never left the ancient Church at all. Their spirit did not the less work whether in the modification of the old institution, or the formation of the new. Rabelais, for instance, did his share of the business through the agency of successive generations. He was an ancestor of Molière, who was an ancestor of Béranger; and though France remains nominally Roman Catholic, its Catholicism is very different from what it would have been but for the wholesome Rabelaisian inspiration. And so with the good Erasmus. He detested schism, and every other kind of disorder. He was elderly and gouty when the stormy part of the Reformation began. He died in unity with the Holy See, and very much in bad odour with Luther and his friends. But not a grain of his Attic salt was lost to the cause of improvement; and the memory of his priestly character in the Church has long been merged in that of his higher character as a priest of letters. He was a scholar by nature; he was a priest only by accident. His tonsure is altogether hidden by his laurel.

Of the life of Erasmus a sketch was given in this Magazine some time ago, but our notice of his works was necessarily casual and brief. We do not disparage him by calling him a satirist, for comedy was one of the elements in which he lived; and a thousand jets of playful satire break out through the voluminous pages of his stately folios. His satire is of the Horatian rather

than the Juvenalian school; pleasant, mirthful, pungent, rather than ferocious and biting. His predominant idea is to draw a contrast between the simple holiness of primitive Christianity and the corrupt fabric of his own time; and he points the contrast by humorous little delineations of contemporary theologians and monks, and humorous little hits at their pedantry, ignorance, and vices. It is characteristic of Erasmus that he did not write professed satires. He mixed his satire, like a leaven, with serious discussion or apparently harmless comedy. Thus, in the dedication of his edition of Jerome, he says:—"We kiss the old shoes and dirty handkerchiefs of the saints, and we neglect their books, which are the more holy and valuable relics. We lock up their shirts and clothes in cabinets adorned with jewels . . . and leave their writings to mouldiness and vermin." And in the *Encomium Moriae*, or *Praise of Folly*, which he wrote in London after his visit to Italy—about 1508—he does not come to ecclesiastical abuses until he has run over many other kinds of human absurdity. It is then, with a very quiet and sly irony—not the irony of a Swift—that he shows at what a disadvantage the Apostles would be for want of scholastic knowledge if brought face to face with the Scotists, Thomists, Albertists, &c. of his time. They plainly consecrated the Eucharist, he says, but if interrogated as to the *terminus a quo*, and the *terminus ad quem*, or as to the moment of time when transubstantiation takes place—seeing that the words effecting it are *in fluxu*—they would never be able to answer with the acumen of the Scotists. Paul, he observes, defines faith and charity *parum magistraliter*. He and his brother Apostles care much more for these, and for good works, than for the *opus operans* and the *opus operatum*. Nor do they tell us whether charity be a substance or an accident, a created or an uncreated thing. It would be a good thing, Erasmus thinks, if all these scholastic sects could be put to use—by being sent out to fight the Turks. This branch of his satire is levelled at the old educational system, which was a vital part of the antique state of things, and which he and his friends, such as Budæus in France, and Reuchlin in Germany, were labouring to supersede by the classical literature,—the chief agent in the intellectual work of the Reformation. But he deals with less abstract matters presently, and complains that practical piety is left by the lay rulers of the world to the *pl-bes*. The *plebs*, he says, hand it over to the clergy as

their business; the secular clergy hand it over to the regulars; the laxer regulars to the stricter ones; all of them together to the mendicants; and the mendicants to the Carthusians,—amongst whom alone piety lies buried, and so buried that it is scarcely ever to be seen! A happy illustration of the true Christian humility follows, where Erasmus reminds his readers that the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove, and not of an eagle or a kite. Such are a few of the most characteristic touches of the *Encomium Moriae*, written when Erasmus was the guest of More (it is pleasant to remember that his very best friends were Englishmen), and illustrated by the pencil of Holbein with satirical engravings, which are repeated in the great edition of Le Clerc.

The *Colloquia* belong to a later period of the scholar's career; and besides their dramatic liveliness and literature, contain many amusing satirical passages,—especially against the monks, who were the favourite butts of the men of letters, or "humanists," of that important age. It was they who hated the new literature with the deadliest hate—a hate which their ignorance of it well matched. It was their declamatory preaching that worked on the superstitious feelings of women and of the rabble. So their greasy gluttony, their brutal illiterateness, their greed for money, their secret riotousness in sin, were fair game for satirists of every kind; and Erasmus loved to handle them with the playful and elegant mockery which Horace had brought to bear on the sham Stoics of the Roman Empire. Opening the *Colloquia* at the dialogue *Funus*, we find mendicants of four orders assembled round the bed of a dying man. "What," exclaims Marcolpus, hearing this, "so many vultures to one carcass!" The mendicants, however, have a squabble in the hall, while the master of the house is in his last agony; and representatives of a fifth order, the Cruciferi, having come in, they all set upon them unanimously. The superstitious old gentleman is finally laid on ashes in the habit of a Franciscan, and dies with a Dominican shouting consolation into one ear, and a Franciscan into the other. The description is too picturesque as a whole to be capable of being done justice to in such extracts as our limits permit. We wish only to illustrate the character of the satire of Erasmus, which ranged over a wide field of obsolete nuisances,—foolish pilgrimages, hypocritical funeral pomp, the extravagant adornment of saintly shrines, the superstitious looking-

up of poor girls in convents, the scandalous brutalities of wars, and many more. Erasmus did not spare the dignitaries of the Church any more than the monks; though among them were found some like our own Archbishop Warham, who were the steadiest friends of learning. "If there is any labour to be undertaken," says he, "they leave it to Peter and Paul who have plenty of leisure; but the splendour and pleasure they take to themselves." One of the liveliest ecclesiastical sarcasms in the *Colloquia* occurs in the *Charon*, where he makes the old ferryman tell Alastor that the groves in the Elysian Fields have all been used up for burning the shades of the heretics — *exurendis hæreticorum umbris!* "We have been obliged," Charon adds, "to go to the bowels of the earth for coals." The whole dialogue is a happy adaptation of one of the classical traditions to modern ideas. Another and still more exquisite instance of this occurs in the *Convictum Religiosum*, where Erasmus says that he can never read such works as the *Phædo* of Plato without longing to say *Sancle Socrates, ora pro nobis!* Few men have owed more to the ancients than the Sage of Rotterdam; but assuredly still fewer have paid them so much back.

The wit of Erasmus was not confined to his writings. He shot out many pleasant *bons mots* which flew over Europe; and some of which stuck like barbs in the fat ribs of the bigots. "The fire of Purgatory," said he, "is very useful to these fellows' kitchens." "Luther has done two bad things," he told the Elector Frederick; "he has attacked the crown of the pope and the bellies of the monks." He expressed his wonder that the images did not work miracles when the mobs began to destroy them; they had done so many when there was no need for it. The Lutherans themselves came in for their share of banter from the old humorist, whose care it was to keep an "honest mean," as Pope says, between the parties. It was observed that the first thing an Ardent Reformer did on breaking with the Church was to get a wife; so when people were speaking of the movement as "a tragedy," "Nay," said Erasmus, "a comedy, — where the end is generally a wedding." Such were some of the bubbles which rose to the surface of the veteran's favourite burgundy as he sat in his latter years in Basle, looking out on the world with the solid sagacious face, and the large mouth, the delicate lines of which suggest sensibility and humour, so familiar to us all on the canvas of Holbein.

That Erasmus was the greatest of all the satirists of the Reformation, and the one who had most influence on Europe, no competent student of this branch of literature will deny. The place of honour next him belongs to another scion of the Teutonic race, the knightly wit, the daring adventurer, the free-living champion of the Gospel and of letters, Ulrich von Hutten. Hutten was twenty-three years younger than Erasmus, having been born — at his ancestral château of Stelkelberg, on the Maine, of one of the noblest Franconian families — in 1488. He was sent to school as a boy at the Abbey of Fulda, from which he ran away to Cologne; and this was a characteristic commencement of his wandering existence. From Cologne he went to Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, where he took his master's degree in arts. He is next found in the north of Germany, sustained by the aid of the Margrave of Brandenburg; and appears at Wittenberg in 1510. Here he composed his *Ars Versificatoria*, after which he wintered at Vienna, and proceeded in 1512 to study law at Pavia. But Pavia was besieged by the Swiss, and being ill-treated both by them and their French enemies, Hutten made for Bologna. About this period he was so poor that he enlisted for a time as a soldier in the Austrian army. Returning to Germany in 1514, he vainly paid his addresses to the Emperor Maximilian; but was received into the service of De Stein, Chancellor to the Elector of Mayence. After a second visit to Italy, he was laureated by the Emperor, and taken into the employment of the Elector of Mayence, who sent him on a mission to Paris. Soon after, he joined the confederates who had leagued themselves against the Duke of Wurtemberg, the murderer of John von Hutten, his cousin; and with them he served a campaign. In 1519, he was again in Mayence, from which he was expelled for his violent writings against Rome; and he attached himself to Franz von Sickingen, a kindred spirit, who perished in the German feuds of 1523. Hutten fled to Switzerland, and died in the island of Ufnau, on the Lake of Zurich, in 1525.

Such is a brief summary of the career of a man whose life was at once a romance and a comedy; who, half soldier of fortune and half literary adventurer, and living, it would seem, much in the fashion of both classes, joined the Lutherans from a point of view of his own, and did essential service to their cause. He was a reformer, partly as a humanist, in the interest of letters; and partly as a German, who disdained to be

governed in spiritual matters from the other side of the Alps. His talent was essentially a satirical one, ranging from pungent eloquence, in such works as his dialogue, *Vadicus* or *Trias Romana*, to dramatic invention and rich ludicrous unctuous humour, in the famous *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, the appearance of which makes an epoch in the history of the Reformation.

The fate of this celebrated satire ("the great national satire of Germany," as Sir William Hamilton has called it) in our own literature has been curious. Whenever it has not been neglected, it has been the subject of the most singular blunders — the last, though perhaps the least surprising, being those of the bookmakers of our own day. When it was reprinted in Queen Anne's time, Steele made precisely the same mistake about it which had been made by British Dominicans and Franciscans, two centuries before, to the vast amusement of Sir Thomas Moore. He took the *Epistles*, in which the theologians of that age are made most inimitably to expose themselves, for genuine and serious; and laughed at the blockheads in perfect good faith. Our other English humorists seem generally to have passed them over; and it was reserved for Sir William Hamilton, whose mighty erudition embraced literature and philosophy indifferently, to do them full justice in the *Edinburgh Review* for March, 1831. Since then the Germans have bestirred themselves in the cause of Ulric von Hutten's memory; an elaborate edition of his works has appeared at Leipsic; and the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* are easily accessible, in good forms, to all who wish to acquaint themselves with one of the memorable satires of that day.*

The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* first saw the light in 1515-17, eventful years, when the war between the old and the new filled every university town in Europe with clamour, and when Luther was gradually warning himself up to the pitch at which he broke finally with the Holy See. The immediate cause of their appearance was the persecution of the celebrated scholar, Reuchlin, by the theologians of Cologne, which disputed with Louvain the dubious honour of being the headquarters of all that was obsolete, narrow, and obscurantist in European thought. Among Reuchlin's many claims to respect, his Hebrew scholarship was one of the chief; and it was on

this side that he was attacked by the authorities of the university viz. Tugern, dean of the faculty of theology; Hoogstraten, the prior of the Dominican convent; and Ortuinus Gratius (Ortuin von Graes), the hero of the *Epistolæ*, whose name will live in comic literature as long as that of the sausage-seller of Aristophanes, the Pantiulus of Horace, the Og of Dryden, the Sporus of Pope, the Tartuffe of Molière, or the Marquis de Carabas of Béranger. The tool used by these bigots against the illustrious Reuchlin was one John Pfefferkorn, of whom Erasmus says that from a wicked Jew he had become a most wicked Christian — *ex scelerato Judæo sceleratissimum Christianum*.* Four treatises were issued against the Jewish religion in the name of this renegade; and an edict was obtained from the Emperor condemning to the flames every Hebrew book existing, with the sole exception of the Bible. Reuchlin, whose opinion had been asked as to the policy of this measure, condemned it, and was immediately attacked by Pfefferkorn. Reuchlin replied; when forty three propositions extracted from his answer were condemned by the dean, and he was summoned to recant. The controversy immediately assumed European importance. "Not only in Germany," says Sir William Hamilton, "but in Italy, France, and England, a confederation was organized between the friends of humane learning. The cause of Reuchlin became the cause of letters: Europe was divided into two hostile parties; the powers of light stood marshalled against the powers of darkness." Hoogstraten cited Reuchlin before the Court of Inquisition at Metz, and in spite of his appeal to the Pope, burned his books. The Pope appointed the Bishop of Spire to settle the matter, and he settled it in favour of the scholar. Hoogstraten and his friends now appealed in their turn to the Pope; and it was at this stage of the dispute, before Rome finally decided against Reuchlin's persecutors, that the first series of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* burst upon the world.

The plan of the satire is simple, but dramatic and effective. There had been recently published a collection of the letters of "illustrious" men to Reuchlin; and Ortuinus Gratius is supposed to publish those of his own friends, whom he modestly calls "obscure" men, in his turn. The obscure ones, accordingly, speak for themselves in all the freedom of confidential communication; and never did such a curious set of

* The edition of the *Epistolæ* before us is a very handy little volume, printed by Teubner of Leipsic in 1868, and issued here by Messrs. Williams & Norgate that year.

* ERASMUS: *Op.* iii. 1641.

marionettes gambol before the world, as those of which Ulric von Hutten and his colleagues in the task pull the strings. Now it is Magister Bernhardus Plumilegus writing from Leipsic; now it is Magister Petrus Hafenmausius writing from Nürenberg; or Magister Hiltbrandus Mammaceus from Tübingen; or Magister Gerhardus Schirruglius, from Mayence. But a family likeness runs through the whole of them. A stolid brutal ignorance, enlivened by the most unaffected self-conceit; a bigotry never modified by the shadow of a doubt; a sly, oily sensualism, to which the very hypocrisy accompanying it seems to lend additional piquancy, — these are the common features of the race. Their mere Latin is delicious by its homely barbarism; and this is one chief charm of the letters to which no translation can do justice. It is especially effective when the writer communicates any of the poems produced on his side of the Reuchlin controversy, such as the following, suggested by the fact that the University of Paris had declared for Cologne: —

Qui vult legere hereticas pravitates
Et cum hoc discere bonas latinitates,
Ille debet emere Parrhisienium acta
Et scripta de Parrhisia nuper facta,
Quomodo Reuchlin in fide erravit,
Sicut magister noster Tungarus doctrinaliter
probat.

Ille vult magister Ortuinus legere
Gratis, in hac alma universitate,
Et cum hoc textum ubique glossare
Necnon quædam notabilia in margine notare,
Et vult arguere pro et contra,
Sicut fecerunt Theologi in Parrhisia,

* * * *

Ut sciunt fratres Carmelite
Et alii qui vocantur Jacobite.*

The perfect contentment of the crew at once with their dog Latin and their ignorance of the humanities generally, is a favourite point with Hutten and his friends. "He writes Greek, too," says one of them about Erasmus, "which he ought not to do, because we are Latins, and not Greeks. *If he wants to write what nobody can understand, why does he not write Italian, and Bohemian, and Hungarian?*"† "These poets," another writer says, "are truly reprehensible; and when anybody writes any thing, they say — 'See there, see there, that

is not good Latin!' and they come here with their new terms, and confound the ancient grammar."* "Our masters ought to issue a mandate," observes Petrus Lapp, licentiate, "that no jurist or poet shall write any thing in theology, and shall not introduce that *new Latinity* into sacred theology, as John Reuchlin has done, and a certain person, as I hear, who is called the Proverbia Erasmii (!) . . . If they say that they know Greek and Hebrew learning, you have the answer that such learning is not cared for by theologians, because Sacred Scripture is sufficiently translated, and we do not need other translations. The Greeks have gone away from the Church: therefore, also, they ought to be held as enemies, and their knowledge ought not to be practised (*practicari*) by Christians."† Another worthy, Magister Bartholomeus Kuckuck, confirms the erudite Lapp's view by insisting that "Greek is not of the essence of Sacred Scripture;" while Dominus Volwinus de Monteflascon remarks, for his part, that Paul having said that the Greeks were always liars, their literature was necessarily nothing but a lie. Virgil having been mentioned in the presence of one of the correspondents of Ortuinus Gratius, he tells, with much complacency, how he exclaimed — "What do I care for that pagan?" That so much of the fun of the *Epistolæ* should be derived from the illiterate character of the Popish theologians, shows how essential a part learning was of the whole movement of the Reformation. Europe was, in fact, *deodorised* by the free dispersion of the delightful essences long hidden in the buried caskets of classical literature.

As may be supposed, the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* throw a good deal of light on the social habits of the clergy and monks of the old days. There seems to have been no little beer and wine swilling amongst them, — the Greek wine being held in an esteem which (as we have just seen) they did not by any means extend to the Greek language. In one of the letters‡ occurs the famous ecclesiastical story of the divine who on first tasting "*lachryma Christi*," breathed a pious wish that our Lord had wept in his native land. With regard to the morality attributed to the body in other respects, it is as bad as bad can be; and it is exposed with the freedom of Rabelais, and with hardly less than his gross jolly

* *Ib.* ii. 265.

† *Ep.* Ob. *Vir.* ii. 270-1.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 211. We always quote from the edition of 1853, referred to in a previous note.

* *Epist. Ob. Vir.* vol. i. p. 22.

† *Ep.* Ob. *Vir.* i. 148.

humour. The satire of the *Epistolæ* is indeed perfectly unrestrained. That Ortunus Gravius was the illegitimate son of a priest, and the nephew of a hangman, is evidently thought an excellent jest; while an intimate relation between him and the wife of the renegade Jew, Pfefferkorn, is assumed as a known fact, and made the subject of a score of playful allusions. Plainer speaking on all this side of life than that of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* is not to be found in satirical literature from Aristophanes downwards; while Erasmus, though still too free for our modern tastes, is reserved, and even prudish in comparison. The exact amount of truth in all these charges of licentiousness cannot, we suppose, be determined; but they come from so many different countries, and such different men, that it is impossible to suppose them mere libels. The very fact that the *Epistolæ* were ever mistaken by the Romish party for a *bonâ fide* body of correspondence shows that the immorality which they assume in their writers did not necessarily prove their fictitious character in the eyes of the orthodox. Yet the orthodox were ready to admit their barbarism in point of style. "It is well worth seeing," Sir Thomas More writes to Erasmus, in October, 1516, "how much the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* please everybody,—the learned in sport, but the unlearned in earnest, who, while we laugh, think that we are laughing only at the style, which they do not defend, but say that it is compensated by the weight of the thoughts, and that a most beautiful sword lies hidden in the rude scabbard.*" Erasmus himself, in a letter to Martinus Lipsius, not only corroborates this, but adds an almost incredible anecdote about the delusion. "A Dominican prior in Brabant," he relates, "wishing to make himself known to the patricians, bought a heap of these books, and sent them to the chiefs of the order, never doubting that they were written in its honour."

"Yet these are they," adds Erasmus, "who are the Atlases, as they think themselves, of the tottering church, . . . these pronounce on the books of Erasmus, and, according to their good will, we are Christians or heretics."†

Erasmus, like the rest of the cultivated world, had been mightily amused by the fun of the *Epistolæ*; and there is an old story that he laughed so heartily in reading them

as to break an imposthume from which he was suffering at the time. But Erasmus did not approve the famous satire, the scathing severity of which, its riotous freedom, and its daring liberties with living names, were quite out of keeping with the tone of his own Horatian and Addisonian pleasantry. He was particularly annoyed that his name should be used so freely in the second volume; and he must have winced at the pungent little sentence in one of the letters, — *Erasmus est homo pro se!* It is painful to remember that the gallant and brilliant Ulric von Hutten died his enemy; one of the latest pieces of work he did in the world having been to write an attack upon Erasmus. Though never very intimate or much together, they had been friends; and perhaps the most valuable portrait of Sir Thomas More that we have is in one of the letters of Erasmus to Hutten. The old scholar found himself obliged to take up the cudgels in self-defence against his quondam friendly acquaintance; and his *Spongia* is a document of much value to all who are interested in his biography.

When the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* were amusing the world in 1516–1517, there was a young Franciscan friar in Fontenay-le-Comte in Lower Poitou, who, we may be certain, watched the dispute with eagerness, and read the letters with sympathy and enjoyment. He had been born in the fair Touraine, which he loved to call "the garden of France," a few years before Ulric von Hutten saw the light in Franconia. He had the deep-rooted literary instincts of the Reforming party; and his brother Cordeliers looked askance at a man who spent days and nights on the heretical study of Greek; and who combined with the most solid sagacity a satirical humour that has been rarely equalled in the annals of mankind. Francis Rabelais has not left us in doubt what his feelings were about the persecution of Reuchlin. In his queer catalogue of the books which Pantagruel found in the library of St. Victor, we have: *Tarrabalationes Doctorum Coloniensium adversus Reuchlin*; and *Ars honesté—in societate, per Marcum Ortunum*. These are hints only; but a hint from Rabelais is worth a chapter from other men. He had to do his work by hints; by buffoonery; in masquerade. As, according to an old story, Aristophanes appeared in one of his own comedies with his face disguised with wine-lees, so Rabelais disguised himself through his whole comic romance in a curiously similar way. He is a wine-bibber, a Shakesperian fool of literature, a droll

* ERASMUS: *Op.* III. 1575.

† *Ib.* p. 1110.

without decency or morals, and whose filth is only kept from fetidity by the clear stream of humour running through it. He is all this, we say — to the vulgar eye. But his filth is manure which helps to make crops grow. "I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais' work," says Coleridge, "which would make the Church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth, and nothing but the truth." Doubtless, this view of the great poet's is often applied with exaggeration to the lesser humorists. A Dutch commentator once described Petronius as *sanctissimus vir*. And, not to see in the roystering animalism and gross humour of Rabelais the effect of a temperament to which these qualities were natural, and to which they gave pleasure, as well as a comic mask put on to conceal the real face from inquisitors and heresy-hunters, would be, we think, to show ignorance of human nature. Disguises are numerous; and he who takes a ludicrous and obscene one takes it because he has a relish for the ludicrous and the obscene. But still Coleridge's doctrine about Rabelais is substantially right. Look steadily at his eyes, in spite of the mask, and you see in them the depth of a wise, earnest, and kindly soul. Thus, the letter of Gargantua to Pantagruel (book 2d, chap. 8) is a model of sense and piety; and every now and then such grave passages occur through the whole work — to be silenced immediately afterwards by the *gros rire* *Tourangeau*, which has made so many hearts merry during the last three hundred years. Not even the wisdom or the object of Rabelais, however, do so much to make the reader forgive what must be called his nastiness, as the essential kindness and geniality of his jolly fun. This element belongs rather to the early than to the later periods of French literature. The satire of Voltaire, for instance, is generally a sneer — not, like that of Rabelais, a laugh.

We make little account of the various theories by which some commentators have attempted to give real historical names to the persons and places of Rabelais' comic fiction. He, no doubt, made references to his contemporaries, now and then, just as Swift did to the statesmen of his time in dealing with Lilliput and Blefuscu. But to expect exactitude in such details is to take a narrow view of the scope of the work. The general object of Rabelais seems to have been to forward the progress of France, by a broadly comic satire of all that retarded it, not in the ecclesiastical world only, but in the worlds of education, of law,

medicine, and social life. The Reformation, we must remember, was not only a religious revolution, but involved changes of every other kind, and produced not merely new churches, but new states of society. Rabelais, thus, did a great deal for the modern world, in spite of his never having — like the satirists of Germany — helped to bring about a "reformation" of the French Church, in the technical sense which that word has acquired. Nay, we do not even know that he had any such wish; and he may, like the often misunderstood Erasmus, have had no ambition beyond that of improving the religious system of Europe, without breaking its unity. But he was less fortunate than the German satirists; for his spirit did not really achieve its full triumph till '89, — a triumph accompanied by horrors which the good old patriotic humorist could not but have deplored.

Like the author of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, Rabelais loved well to flesh his satire in the members of the monastic orders. Nowhere is his satire so direct and intelligible as when he is dealing with monks, — the peculiar enemies of scholars then, as they had been of the minstrels in earlier ages. A passage or two shall illustrate this. We quote from the incomparable translation of Sir Thomas Urquhart, one of the best translations ever done of any book. * Sir Thomas was a Pantagruelist himself, of no mean magnitude in life, and in death too. For one of his treatises contains a pedigree of the Urquharts of Cromarty, without a break from Adam; and he died in a fit of laughter on hearing of the Restoration of Charles II. — overwhelmed by a sense of the absurdity and uncertainty of human affairs: —

"But if you conceive how an ape in a family is always mocked and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how monks are shunned of all men, both young and old. The ape keeps not the house, as a dog doth; he draws not in the plough, as the ox; he yields neither milk nor wool, as the sheep: he carrieth no burthen, as a horse doth. That which he doth is only to . . . spoil and defile all, which is the cause wherefore he hath of all men mocks, frumpries, and bastinadoes.

"After the same manner a monk — I mean those liher, idle, lazy monks — doth not labour and work, as do the peasant and artificer; doth not ward and defend the country, as doth the man of war; cureth not the sick and diseased, as the physician

* Yet it has been often maintained that the Scotch have no humour.

doth; doth neither preach nor teach, as do the Evangelical doctors and schoolmasters; doth not import commodities and things necessary for the commonwealth, as the merchant doth. Therefore is it that by and of all men they are hooted at, bated, and abhorred. 'Yea, but,' said Grangousier, 'they pray to God for us.' 'Nothing less,' answered Gargantua. 'True it is that with a tingle tangle jangling of bells they trouble and disgust all their neighbours about them.' 'Right,' said the monk; 'a mass, a matin, a vesper well rung are half said. They mumble out great store of legends and psalms, by them not at all understood; they say many paternosters, interlarded with Ave-Marias, without thinking upon or apprehending the meaning of what it is they say, which truly I call mocking of God, and not prayers. But so help them God, as they pray for us, and not for being afraid to lose their victuals, their manchets, and good fat pottage.' — *Gargantua*, book i. chap. xl.

"A woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" is a question put in a subsequent chapter. "To make a nun of" says Gargantua; and soon after we have the inscription upon the great gate of the famous Rabelaisian abbey, the Abbey of Theleme:—

Here enter not vile bigots, hypocrites,
Externally devoted apes, base snites,
Puft up, wry-necked beasts, worse than the
Huns,
Or Ostrogots, forerunners of baboons:
Cursed snakes, dissembled varlets, seeming
sancis,
Slipshod caffards beggars pretending wants,
Fat chuff cats, smell-feast knockers, doltist gulls.
Out-strouting cluster-fists, contentious bulls,
Fomenters of divisions and debates,
Elsewhere, not here, make sale of your de-
ceits.

Another instance of plain-speaking in this First Book is the account of Grangousier's interview with the Pilgrims in the forty-fifth chapter.

"What went you to do at St. Sebastian?" Grangousier asks.

"We went," said Sweer-to-go; 'to offer up unto that saint our vows against the plague.'

"Ah, poor men," said Grangousier, 'do you think that the plague comes from St. Sebastian?'

"Yes, truly," answered Sweer-to-go; 'our preachers tell us so, indeed.'

"But is it so?" said Grangousier; 'do the false prophets teach you such abuses? Do they thus blaspheme the saints and holy-

men of God as to make them like unto the devils who do nothing but hurt unto mankind,—as Homer writeth that the plague was sent into the camp of the Greeks by Apollo, and as the poets feign a great rabble of Vejoves and mischievous gods.'

Before the Pilgrims are dismissed, comes a passage which cannot be transcribed, on the probable consequences of their absence from home; for "the very shadow of the steeple of an Abbey," we are told, "is fruitful." Rabelais seems, here, to have been thinking of a celebrated epigram by Beza, who was a wit as well as a reformer, and not the least free-spoken wit of those free-spoken times. Toleno, a rich old man who is childless, goes on a pilgrimage to Loretto, to the Holy Sepulchre, and to Mount Sinai, to pray heaven for offspring. He is away from home three years; and on returning, finds that his petition has been heard, and that he is the father of three fine children. There were grave and good men enough to keep the freedom of Rabelais in countenance; and doubtless it might have been said of Beza, as Johnson said of Prior, that his *Epigrams* were "a lady's book."—"No, sir, Prior is a lady's book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library."

The greater vagueness of the fourth and fifth books of Rabelais makes them, we cannot but think, less delightful than the first three. They have the sort of inferiority to them which the Laputa of Swift has to his Lilliput and Brobdingnag. The wit of the great master plays through thick vapours of allegory in which it is almost lost. This is especially true of Book Fifth. The Ringing Island may well be the Church of Rome; and the Popehawk, Cardinhawks, Bishawks, &c., are readily to be recognized. But as the voyage of Pantagruel and his companions proceeds, clouds gather more and more round Rabelais' meaning, and his satire flashes in transient lightning gleams, which are gone before one has time to enjoy them. Indeed, though essentially a satirist, and of the class to which this essay is devoted, he is less read, now that the changes which he helped to bring about in Europe have become familiar possessions, for his satire than for his humour. It is the clear cutting French sense, and the rich oily comedy of his pictures of human life, so grotesque but so real, for which his countrymen love him. How he stands with the mass of the French now it is not in our power to say; but we think that there has been an increased interest in him amongst their men of letters since the great burst

of literary activity which followed on the fall of the First Empire. The vivid and potent Balzac, so much less known on this side of the Channel than he deserves to be, loved to speak of Rabelais as his master; and in his joyous moods, Balzac, with his childlike hilarity, often recalled to his friends the traditional image of his compatriot of Touraine.

It is a somewhat strange fact that England should not have contributed a classic name to the list of satirists of the Reformation. The *Utopia* is a philosophical rather than a satirical romance; and the attacks of Skelton on Wolsey were personal rather than religious or critical. There were, no doubt, casual ballads and pasquils written on both sides of the struggling powers; but our business is not with this small change of wit, this pistol-shooting of war, on the present occasion. For British satirists in the cause of the great revolution of the sixteenth century, who have left lasting names in the history of letters, we must go to the north of the Tweed. The Scotch can boast as their share of the band of writers who, like the band of the Constable Bourbon, scaled the walls of Rome, a satirist who was a poet, and a satirist who was a scholar.

Unluckily for the fame of the older Scottish writers, they have come down in *two* dead languages—Scots and Latin; and the satirists of whom we are now to speak represent each one of them. Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount,—whom, by a deliberate anachronism, Sir Walter, in *Marmion*, has made Lyon King of Arms at the time of Flodden,—is perhaps the most readable of the old Scots poets still. He is fresh and naïf, with a keen pictorial wit, a genuine good nature, and a wholesome contempt for all baseness, cruelty, and pretence. Born the representative of a Fifeshire branch of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres, at some unknown date towards the close of the fifteenth century, he was employed young in the household of the Stewart kings. He was usher to James V. during that prince's childish years; and having been dismissed that employment with a pension, was afterwards made Lyon;—it is supposed about 1527. As chief of the Scottish heralds, he was connected with several embassies, of which one was a mission to Charles V., in 1531, on the subject of the Scottish trade with the Netherlands; and he was also a member of the Scottish Parliament. Our business, however, is not with his public life, nor even with his poetry proper, which has a great deal of pleasant

sweetness about it; but with the satires by which he aided the growing spirit of revolt against the old Church. A satirist was wanted in this cause, in Scotland, if anywhere; for in no country had the Romish clergy a larger share of the national wealth, and in none were they more bigoted in belief, or dissolute in morals. The historian Robertson calculates that they possessed "little less than one half of the property of the nation;" and observes, from the public records, that "a greater number of letters of *legitimation* was granted during the first thirty years after the Reformation than during the whole period that has elapsed since that time." These were procured by the sons of the clergy, who, having inherited benefices which their fathers were allowed to retain, were anxious to escape from the stain of bastardy. The blood of the prelates of old days flows in the veins of the best Scottish families; for instance, it is an interesting little fact that Byron was descended, through his mother's house—the Gordons—from the famous Cardinal Beaton. Knox's account of the last hours of that grandee's life, in which a certain "Mistress Marion Ogilvy" figures, will never be forgotten by those who have read his singularly quaint and powerful *History*.

The satire of Sir David Lindsay, like that of Erasmus, is of the playful kind. It is not the satire of indignation, but of merriment. It is as free as the satire of the *Epistolæ* in some respects, but is less personal and less gross. There is a real vein of natural fun in his little poem, "Kittie's Confession," where the gravity of the confessor is a touch in the spirit of the *Tartuffe*. Kittie narrates that the good man did not direct her to lead a pure life, or to trust in the merits of Christ, but solely to follow certain observances:—

Bot gave me penance ilk ane day,
Ane Ave Maria for to say,
And Frydayis fyve na fische to eit,—
Bot butter and eggis are better meit;
And with ane plak to by ane messe
Fra drunken Schir Jhone Latynless.

* * * *

Quhen scho was telland as scho wist
The curate Kittie wald have kist;
But yit ane countenance he bure
Degeist, devote, daign and demure.
Said he, have you any wrongous gear,
Said she, I stole a peck of beir,
Said he, that should restored be,
Therefore deliver it to me!

* * * *

And mekil Latyne he did mummill,
I heard nothing but *hummill bummill*.

The chief satirical work of Sir David Lindsay was a drama called, *Ane Pleasant Satire of the Three Estaitis*, which was performed before the Court in 1535, and in 1539. This drama took nine hours in the acting; but there was an interval allowed for refreshment during the course of it, which the Scots of that generation were by no manner of means likely to neglect availing themselves of. Some of the characters are real, and some allegorical, and both are made instruments for exposing ecclesiastical abuses, particularly the dilatory proceedings of the Consistory Court. A poor fellow "Pauper" who had lent his mare to an acquaintance who drowned her, seeks redress from this Court; "bot," complains he —

Bot, or they came half way to *concludendum*,
The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.

Of *pronunciandum* they made me wondrous
fain,
Bot I got never my gude gray mare again!

One of the chief complaints against the Scots prelates was that they never preached, and "the dumb dog the bishop" became a favourite term of abuse among the Protestant clergy. Sir David notices this neglect after his own fashion in a dialogue in his play between the allegorical personages, Gude-Counsall and Spiritualitie: —

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Ane bishop's office is to be ane preacher.
And of the law of God ane public teacher.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Friend, quhare find ye that we suld prechouris
be?

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Lute what St. Paul writes unto Timotheie, —
Tak there the buke, let see gif ye can spell.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I never red that, therefore reid it yoursell.

A pardoner, with relics to sell, is also a figure of some prominence in the *Satire of the Three Estaitis*. He comes on the stage complaining that the sale of his goods is much interfered with by the circulation of the English New Testament; but proceeds to solicit purchases for some sufficiently remarkable wares: —

My patent pardouns ye may see,
Cam fra the Can of Tartarie,
Weill seal'd with oster-schellis.
Thocht ye haif na contritioun,
Ye sall haif fall remis-ioun,
With help of bukes and bellis.

* * * *

Heir is ane cord, baith gret and lang,
Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang,
Of gude hemp soft and sound:
Gude haly pepill, I stand for'd
Quhaver beis hangit with this cord
Neidis never to be dround.
The culam of Sanct Bryd's kow,
The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow,
Quhilk bure his haly bell:
Quha ever he be heiris this bell clink,
Giff me ane ducat for till drink,
He sall never gang to hell,
Without he be of Belliall borne: —
Maisters, trow ye that this be scorne?
Cum win this pardoun, cum.

In spite of all obsolescence of language and subject, the true spirit of comedy makes its presence felt here. Sir David Lindsay is a rude Scottish Aristophanes; but the genius for dramatic creation which budded in him never came to flower in the cold air of Northern Protestantism. Scotland has never had a dramatic literature, for we suppose nobody now believes in the frigid and unnatural trash of Home's *Douglas*. This is partly due to the fanaticism of the country; and partly to its poverty; but another element must be taken into account in these matters, — the almost constant want of literary attainments and literary sympathy among the modern Scottish clergy. Much as literature did for the Reformation in Scotland as elsewhere, the clergy have done astonishingly little to repay the debt. Yet among Scotch men of letters the memory of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount holds its own:

Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount
Lord Lyon King at Arms!

The reforming war was also carried on in Scotland by satirical ballads. We should much like to quote one which the curious reader will find in Dr. Irving's excellent *History of Scottish Poetry*, and of which the refrain or "ower-word" is: —

Hay trix, trim goe trix under the greene-wode
tree.

But this ballad is too long; and we may

add that it is also too broad, for quotation here, even supposing that such ballads came, as they do not, within our present plan. That their sting and danger, as well as that of other satire, was felt by the orthodox, is proved by an order of the provincial council convoked by Archbishop Hamilton in 1549. The council directed every ordinary to make strict inquiry within his diocese, "whether any person had in his possession certain books of rhymes of vulgar songs, containing scandalous reflections on the clergy, together with other heretical matter;" and to read or keep them was an offence to be punished by Act of Parliament. But it was now too late to effect the object for which such Acts were passed; and twenty years afterwards the Archbishop was hanged on a gibbet, and embalmed in an epigram.

The only Scot of that age entitled to figure in our list by the side of Lindsay was one who first made the literary genius of his country known to Europe, and who in modern times has been persistently and inexcusably neglected,—so much so, that he lies, without even a tombstone to mark the spot, in the churchyard of the Greyfriars in Edinburgh. George Buchanan—*poetarum sui seculi facile princeps*, as a long list of scholars recognized him to be, from Scaliger to Ruddiman—was younger than Lindsay, but had reached his thirtieth year before the death of Erasmus. His youth in St. Andrews and in Paris was a period of hard study and hard struggling with poverty, after which he became tutor to a natural son of James V.—about 1534. Already—he was now twenty-eight—he had written a poem against the Franciscans; and a few years afterwards, James, having formed an ill opinion of their sincerity towards him in the matter of a certain rumoured conspiracy, requested Buchanan to compose a satire against the order. Buchanan knew his men, and, hesitating between offending either them or the king, produced a brief and ambiguous composition. James was not satisfied with this, and demanded something sharp and pointed,—*acre et aculeatum*. The result was the *Franciscanus*, one of the most vigorous Latin satires of the century. Soon after, Buchanan learned that his life was sought by Cardinal Beaton, who had offered the king money for it. He was sentenced to exile, and imprisoned, but escaped while his jailers were asleep, and got away to England and the Continent. This was in 1539. He remained abroad more than twenty years, leading a life of much variety. Suspicion of heresy drove him from

Paris; the plague drove him from Bordeaux. He went away to Lisbon to teach the classics; but there, too, the fatal odour of herodoxy clung to him. He was imprisoned in a monastery, where he spent his time in his immortal Latin version of the Psalms. Quitting the Tagus in a vessel that had put in there on her way to England from Crete, he landed in London, which he left for his favourite Paris. He was now for the next five years tutor to a son of Marshal Brissac, with whom he resided a good deal in Italy. He returned to Scotland about the time that Queen Mary did in 1560; joined the party of the Regent Murray; was tutor to young James VI., and held other important appointments; and died in Edinburgh in 1582, in his seventy-seventh year.

The most valuable books of Buchanan are his version of the Psalms, and his *Re-rum Scotticarum Historia*; but his satires are very excellent, and must have helped to bring the men of the ancient system into a wholesome and desirable contempt. The *Franciscanus* holds the first place amongst them. It is a Juvenalian satire in sonorous hexameters of great swing and flow; for Buchanan was almost equally at home in every form of Latin composition, from the sweet ripple of elegiacs to the stormy roll of indignant heroics. He places himself in the position of one who is dissuading a friend from entering the Franciscans, and proceeds to lay bare their character and habits. They are recruited, he says, from those who have no means at home; or who have angry stepmothers, and severe fathers and masters; or who are lazy, and cold to all the attractions of the muses. The order to such is a harbour of refuge and of ignoble ease. Some look after the door, and some after the kitchen. One digs in the garden; another is employed to trick widows. The duller sort are sent to dupe the rural vulgar; to give apples to the boys, and amulets to the girls, whose heads they fill with the most superstitious fancies. The dullest blockhead assumes the appearance of wisdom when he has become one of these friars, and learns to humbug the world; and in his old age may proceed to teach the art to young beginners. He will teach him how to make a judicious use of confession, and to plunder well those whose secret thoughts and deeds have become his property; how to lure innocent virgins into sin; and how, if any one resolutely declines communication with the sect, to earn his servants, and try to get up accusations against him,—especially if his life should prove irreproachable,—the accusation of

heresy. A great deal more advice of the kind is given, and a story told of an adventure which had evidently befallen Buchanan himself on the Garonne. One of the brothers was travelling in company with a woman who fell into labour in the vessel; and he abandoned her to her fate, running away amidst the confusion caused by the event at the landing-place. Buchanan tells the story in the person of an old Franciscan; and, with admirable irony, makes him conclude by saying, — "Young and strong as I then was, I could hardly silence the murmurs of the people, often though I execrated the deed, and swore that the offender was some Lutheran lying hidden under the name of our holy sect!"

We do not find in the satirical portions of Buchanan's writings the Erasmusian vein of Sir David Lindsay, or the rollicking humour of Rabelais, nor even the intermediate kind of pleasantry, smacking of both, of the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. His fun is grim; and his abuse hearty. He is of the Juvenalian and Swiftian school of satire; a good hard proud Scots gentleman, whose keen feeling for classical beauty has given him elegance but not gentleness. There was nothing of what is now called "gushing" about George, any more than about those smaller types of Scott, Smollet and Lockhart. He had much love for his own friends, much humour and feeling at bottom; but very little compassion for fools, rascals, or personal enemies. Many of his epigrams are bitter enough; and we shall transcribe a couple of them from a recent translation:—

ON THE MONKS OF ST. ANTONY.

When living, thou, St. Antony,
As swine-herd kept thy swine;
Now, dead, thou keep'st, St. Antony,
This herd of monks of thine.

The monks as stupid are as they,
As fond of dirt and prog;
In dumbness, torpor, ugliness,
Each monk is like each hog.

So much agrees 'tween herd and herd,
One point would make all good,—
If but thy monks, St. Antony,
Had acorns for their food!

ON PONTIFF PIUS.

Heaven he had sold for money; earth he left
in death as well;
What remains to Pontiff Pius?—nothing that
I see but hell!

Buchanan the latest is also the last of the

satirists on whom we have undertaken to offer some criticisms in this paper. It has been seen that the Low Countries, Germany, France, and Scotland, each produced within the compass of about a century satirists whose names have become classical, and whose powers were exerted in the same direction. The exact value of their services to the cause of divine truth and human enlightenment cannot be estimated; but it was undoubtedly great. The friends of the cause valued them: its foes feared them. They were nearly all persecuted: they were all, without exception, we think, libelled. Two of them were, in ignorance however, grossly misrepresented by succeeding generations of their own friend and countrymen. Francis Rabelais was made the traditional hero of a score of foolish anecdotes, apocryphal, obscene, and profane. George Buchanan became, in the eye of the Scottish peasantry, the king's fool of a past age; and chap-books, filled with the dirtiest stories about him, circulated by thousands among the cottages of his native land.

The last historical fact is only amusing. But there were other conditions common to these men of great importance, which may be well commended to the attention of those who are inclined to underrate satirists generally, and to that of the ordinary comic writers of our own time. These satirists of the Reformation were all scholars and thinkers to a man: not wits only, still less buffoons, but invariably among the best-read men, and the most vigorous manly intellects of their generation. Erasmus towered over the whole century; and by universal admission, Buchanan did more skillfully than any writer what every writer of the period was trying to do; while Hutten was recognized along the whole length of the Rhine as one of the most accomplished men in Germany; and Rabelais ranked from the first among the most learned men in France. What is equally worthy of notice, no solid charge has ever been proved against the characters of any of the satirists of the Reformation. Hutten was probably not the soberest man in Europe; but he was generous, and faithful, and brave, and true. Erasmus was loved by the best men then living, and Rabelais and Lindsay trusted by the chief personages of their respective kingdoms. As for the silly lies which were once disseminated against Buchanan by such writers as Father Garasse, they are no longer repeated even by Popish malignity. The lies and the liars have passed into a common obscurity.

The study of such writers would seem, we

may say in conclusion, to have a practical value, as well as a merely antiquarian interest. The last man who did any political work of European importance by the use of satire — Béranger — felt strongly on this subject. He had been often urged to come forward for the Academy, but always persistently declined; and he gave a remarkable explanation of his reasons for this decision. The *chanson*, he said, may be again needed as a political instrument; and I could not, as a *chansonnier*, set an example which might lead to its being prostituted by ambitious men to the service of power. The sentiment is noble; and it is instructive. Satire may again be necessary in politics and other fields; and if the re-action against modern knowledge and thought, which seems to be gaining ground in some quarters, should become really formidable to intellectual freedom, we may some of us be none the less useful for having studied the satirical masters of the great sixteenth century.

DR. BIGELOW'S "MODERN INQUIRIES."

DR. BIGELOW'S "Modern Inquiries" * consist, for the most part, of addresses delivered by him to different societies and institutes. Some of them are instructive and interesting, containing fresh and vigorous thought put forth in a forcible manner, and will repay perusal. The first two discourses, which are the best, are "On the Limits of Education," and on "Classical and Utilitarian Studies." They constitute a strong and, we think, successful plea in favour of a more technical and less classical education than that commonly adopted in schools and universities; they are, in fact, a vigorous protest fresh with the robust vitality of the new world against a system of education which has now to meet many formidable attacks in the old world. It is strange that mankind should have been so strongly wedded to a system which has borne so little fruit, and should still look with an unnatural jealousy and distrust on the introduction into the educational curriculum of the study of that to which its

progress in comfort, knowledge, and power is due. "The first three centuries of the Christian era," Dr. Bigelow observes, "had before their eyes the light of the classics and the wisdom of the ancients; but they went steadily from bad to worse. The last three centuries have had modern literature and the useful sciences and arts, and have gone steadily from good to better." Perhaps Dr. Bigelow, in his zeal for science, hardly does justice to the refining and humanizing influence of the study of the great classical authors; and we certainly think that his addresses would not lose by the modification or omission of a few passages like the following:—"Ulysses and Agamemnon were ten years in taking the City of Troy. Ulysses Grant with his batteries would have taken it in ten minutes.

. If the time shall ever come when classical readers shall tire at the monotonous championship of Trojans, Greeks, and Rutulians, they will kindle with wonder over that miracle of romance and reality, 'The Bay Fight' of Mobile, by Henry Howard Brownell." It is quite possible to acknowledge that America is a great country, without abandoning the belief that there have been some great men and some great actions in the past. The tendency evinced by certain American writers to dwarf the past, in order to exalt their present, appears to us to be regrettable, and to show a most pitiful ambition.

A paper "On the Death of Pliny the Elder," suggests reasons for believing that he was not, as commonly supposed, suffocated by the sulphurous vapours during an eruption of Vesuvius, but that he died from apoplexy following unusual exertion and excitement, or possibly from a fatal crisis in some disease of the heart, previously existing. A discourse on "Self-limited Diseases," that is, on diseases which are known to have a certain definite course, and cannot be cut short by any treatment, and another on the "Treatment of Disease," though delivered to medical audiences, are not unsuited for general reading, and may serve to convey to the public useful conceptions of what are the limits of medical art in the treatment of disease. They were, however, like some of the other addresses in this volume, delivered and published many years ago, and display the judgment and foresight of the author at that time, rather than any views that would appear novel or remarkable now. — *Westminster Review*.

* "Modern Inquiries: Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous." By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857.

CHAPTER V.

POOR MONSIEUR RICHARD'S RICHES.

The effect produced by such a tragedy in a little place like D——, does not require to be described. For twenty miles round it spread its terror; but in the centre of action itself, it exercised a vivifying power. The collective life of D—— was quintupled. Every one's mind was busy upon the same subject, and at the same time. If a conversation began on any other topic, it was sure, before five minutes were over, to find its way round to the assassination of Martin Prévost; and, whether they who conversed were peasants or shop-keepers, you would have been equally astonished, had you overheard them, to note the extraordinary aptitude of all for the discharge of duties appertaining to the police. Each man — and for that matter, each woman, too — had his or her notion about the murderer, and was the inventor of a trap in which the criminal must be infallibly caught, and which, on the part of the said inventor, proved a wiliness, a depth of calculation, and an instinct of the manners and ways of crime, that, so far as the moral condition of this rural population was concerned, was not pleasant. The officers of justice only seemed gifted with true administrative dulness; and the process of "instruction," as it is called, elicited, as it dragged on its pedantic course, remarks not flattering to judicial sharpness from the public. For the public knew every thing, however secret, and, above all, whatever was surrounded with unusual precautions as to secrecy. The greffier of the Juge de Paix talked to his wife; the Maire talked to his married daughter; the huissier du tribunal confided in his bonne; the doctor who had examined the body transmitted his impressions to all his patients; and all the dévotés discussed the matter with Monsieur le Curé and his Vicaire. Then the beadle, who was married to Madelon; the Maire's cook; and the sacristan, whose wife collected the money for the chairs during divine service, and was charwoman twice a week at the private establishment of the principal grocer, — all these served as so many channels of communication, and from conduit to conduit, conveyed the whole current of information from its head source in the cabinet of the Juge d'Instruction down to the kitchen of the humblest ménage. But the worst of all was the brigadier de gendarmérie. This official, by name Frédérick Herrenschildt, a gigantic Alsatian, was the

devoted and pretty well avowed suitor of Madame Jean; and from "Monsieur Frédérick," as she styled him, awful as he might be to the general public of D——, she contrived to extract the minutest details. Madame Jean was reputed a rich woman; and being the widow of a lazy drunkard, to whom she was married twenty-five years back, and whose backslidings she had brooded over during a twenty-years' widowhood, she had never brought herself to trust sufficiently any "man of woman born" to resign to him the disposal of her little fortune. "Sophie," as her dead master (but he alone) called her, had been the presiding genius of the Prévost household for a quarter of a century, and had never cheated old Martin of one sou. She made his interest hers, because he had made hers his; and by dint of placing, as he had done, here a hundred francs, and there a hundred francs of her savings during this long space of time, Madame Jean was possessed of somewhere about the sum of twenty thousand francs; and this wealth of hers was the cause that, court her as he might, she could not make up her mind to marry the gendarme. Madame Jean was a fine bold specimen of a strong-nerved French female of forty-five; but, though her vanity was well developed, her caution and covetousness overtopped it. She liked to overawe the wives and maidens of D—— as the sharer of the military authority of the place; and she not only tolerated, but exacted, the utmost homage of Monsieur Frédérick: but to take him for better, for worse, was what she could not resolve to do, for she had a shrewd notion that however much a union with this stalwart son of Mars might be the better for her, it would probably be the worse for her money. So Madame Jean, who had no human being to leave her riches to, and who never spent any thing, but went on saving, refused to become Madame Herrenschildt, but reigned supreme over the soul of the brigadier, and was possessed of all the knowledge he had no business to impart.

Whatever her other faults, Madame Jean had all the helpfulness of a Frenchwoman; and, had it not been for her care and activity and sense, poor Monsieur Richard would have died, or gone mad, from the effect of his uncle's sudden and terrible death. Richard Prévost was no hero, — that the reader scarcely requires to be told, — and since it was proved to him that the house he inhabited had been broken into, that an assassin had actually passed before the door of the room in which he slept, in order to creep up the stairs and enter his uncle's

room immediately over his head, the unfortunate young man seemed possessed by the idea that the same thing might happen again any day, and that the next victim would inevitably be himself.

"You don't expect me to come and sleep in your room, do you?" cried Madame Jean, hoping to rouse him by indignation, "as Prosper's wife used to do when you were a little child?"

"Certainly not, my dear Madame Jean; but I cannot help thinking that it would be a proper precaution if the brigadier were to sleep in the house."

At this Madame Jean drew herself up, as though she had been already the gendarme's lawful spouse, and told Monsieur Richard that he was ignorant of the stern obligations of *le devoir militaire*!

"Nicolas can sleep in the passage," suggested she. Nicolas was the out-door man.

"Nicolas?" was the distrustful reply.

"Well, you don't think he would let himself be killed and carried away without making a noise, do you?"

But Monsieur Richard shook his head, and seemed to incline towards a totally different kind of alarm, at which Madame Jean exclaimed—"For shame! it is unchristian-like and unlawful to be suspecting everybody in that way. Why, Monsieur Richard, there's no end to that kind of thing! You'll be suspecting me next! Poor old Prosper!—though I never liked him with his nasty underhand sulky ways—still, I do feel for him now."

"So do I," rejoined Richard; "but you cannot say I have done or said any thing to incriminate him; for, strange to say, from the very first, something seemed to tell me that the man was not guilty."

"And I believe you are quite right, Monsieur Richard." And coming nearer to him, and speaking cautiously, "I happen to know," added Madame Jean, "that there is not so much as the shadow of a proof,—nay, more,—there's no ground on which you can rest even a suspicion touching Prosper Morel. I have no business to go revealing all this; but I do know it, and I go out of my direct duty to tell it you, because your nerves are all jarred and out of order by this dreadful event; and it may comfort you to know that you have not had an assassin going about the house. You might get into a way of suspecting everybody. Your nerves are terribly shattered."

"Yes, they are; you are right there. But surely there has been enough to shake the nerves of a stronger man than me; and,

alas! I never was strong. But I am glad about poor old Prosper; as you say, he is not a pleasant person: but to be accused of such a heinous crime! Brrrr!" and he shuddered all over, "that must be fearful. Poor man! we must try and make it up to him somehow."

As the reader will have guessed, the first direction taken by the suspicions of justice was towards Prosper Morel. The man's character, the circumstance of the complaint made against him a week before by the Maire, and taken up so vigorously by his employer, that his dismissal had been decided upon by the latter,—all this naturally militated against the woodcutter; and before the day of the murder was ended, a *mandat d'amener* had been made out, and the gendarmes had arrested Prosper. They found him at his work, a good way out in the forest; and his behavior at once introduced into Monsieur Frédéric's mind certain doubts of his culpability. It was evening when they discovered him, sitting astride upon a newly-felled tree, whose last branches he was leisurely lopping off, whilst he droned out a gloomy Breton cantique to the Holy Virgin. He was just finishing his day's work, and preparing to go home to his hut. When he perceived the gendarmes before him, he saluted them civilly, and was about to gather up his tools. They seized him, before explaining to him why; but, when the explanation came, he was stupefied, not alarmed. The brigadier was an old hand, and had experience in criminals, and he felt instinctively that the *bûcheron* was not one. The man was stolidly unconscious, and his complete ignorance of what had passed was evident and undeniable. Nevertheless, he was immediately imprisoned, preventively, severely treated, harassed and worried in every possible way, examined and cross-examined, and the palpable proofs of his innocence, which seemed to increase almost hourly, were received with regret by his pursuers; but they were received. Beyond presumption, nothing pointed at Prosper in the details of the crime,—except that it must have been committed by some one who was intimately acquainted with old *Prévost's* habits, and with the ways of his house.

The mode of the assassination was tolerably clear. The victim must have been standing in front of his safe when the blow was dealt. The blow was dealt from behind, and with extraordinary coolness and certainty and force. Of the three medical men who were called in to visit the corpse, all were of the same opinion,—namely,

that the first blow had suspended life, and that, when the others were given, they were dealt merely to make assurance doubly sure. There was comparatively little blood, and what there was had flowed downwards upon the floor, after the murdered man had fallen. None had spurted out, and there were no stains on any article of furniture.

Now, as to the time at which the act was committed, that was also easy to determine: it must have been between the hours of six and ten in the morning. Old Prévost was a perfectly wound-up machine as to his habits, and never deviated from the monotonous regularity he had marked out for himself. Summer and winter, he always rose at five. At six, he sat down to his bureau, and busied himself with accounts and calculations till eight. At eight, he sometimes took a stroll in the garden, or even a short walk out of doors, but as often he remained in his own room. Till ten o'clock began striking, it was not necessary that any one should be acquainted with the whereabouts of Martin Prévost; but when the tenth stroke had struck from a dusty, wheezy old clock in the passage, instantly the voice of Madame Jean was to be heard calling out in a loud tone, "Monsieur, the breakfast is served."

Now, when, on that fatal Thursday, Madame Jean's voice had sent forth its regular call, nothing stirred. Madame Jean's temper was at once irritated by this piece of unpunctuality, and, after three minutes had elapsed, she repeated the summons. Still no answer. Madame Jean ascended the stairs, angrily opened the door of her master's room, and saw the sight we have described in our last chapter. Her screams attracted Monsieur Richard, who was in attendance in the dining parlour, awaiting his uncle's presence. The poor young man, whose nervous system was less robust than Madame Jean's, was so overcome by the ghastly scene, that he fainted dead away, and Madame Jean had to raise him as well as she could, and busy herself with recalling him to his senses. Before this was quite accomplished, she had opened a window, called Nicolas up from the stable-door in the yard below where he was attending to the old mare, and despatched him for the Juge de Paix and the Maire, and the doctor, and the all-important brigadier. As to the unhappy Monsieur Richard, between sobbings, and spasms, and swoons, it was long past noon before any rational testimony could be extracted from him.

What was quickly enough realised was this small number of facts; — Martin Prévost

had been assassinated after he was dressed, and had begun his daily occupations, consequently, between the hours of seven and ten. He had been struck from behind by a heavy blunt instrument, no trace whereof could be found, and the blow had been dealt with such force, that the probability was that the assassin was a man under middle age.

He had been murdered by some one entering the house from without; for the mode of entrance was discovered almost directly. At the end of the passage which divided the house, and ran from the street-door to the yard-door, there was a small room, used for putting away every thing in general; and from old boots and dirty linen on the floor, to fresh-made preserves put to set in their pots on the shelves, there was a little of every thing in this *chambre de débarras*. It had one window opening into the yard, and a door opening into the passage. This door was seldom shut, and the window was never open. But a pane of glass had been taken out, through which a man's hand and arm could be introduced, and the window had been opened, for it was left open, and what was more, the iron bar and hasp, rusty, and liable to creak if suddenly turned, were rubbed all over with some filthy grease found to be borrowed from pots kept by Nicolas in his tool-house for greasing cart-wheels. Through that window, then, the assassin had entered, and, passing through the door into the passage, he had mounted the stairs up to Monsieur Prévost's room.

The reason of the crime was at once evident: it lay in the desire to rob. But the safe had not been broken into, as was at first supposed. The safe had been opened, and probably by old Prévost himself.

But, then, the ingress of the assassin accounted for, how about his egress? Every fact successively discovered pointed to the precise moment of the crime as somewhat before seven; for Nicolas had been ordered the night before, by Martin Prévost himself, to be at the post-office by seven, punctually, to post some business letters, and thus gain several hours by taking advantage of what was called the night post, instead of waiting for the day post, which only went out at three. He had gone out at half-past six, and was found not to have returned much before eight. Madame Jean had gone, as she frequently did, to six o'clock mass, and, as she also frequently did, had passed from the church into the sacristy, and had a bout of conversation with the Vicaire, and she was certain of having returned shortly after half-past seven.

In one hour, then, between half-past six and half-past seven, had the deed been done, for the house was deserted then, and young Monsieur Richard fast asleep, for he slept late at all times, and, especially since his illness, he scarcely ever woke before half-past eight or nine.

But next came the question of escape. How, at that hour, had the murderer escaped? The court-yard, being paved, yielded no trace of a footmark; but in the garden beyond there were some traces of a boot or shoe very different from any that could be matched by the foot of anybody in or around the house. These traces were lost at a hedge, then found again in a field beyond, then utterly lost on the banks of the river close to the Cholet high road.

Nothing in all this, as the reader will see, squared the least with the notion of Prosper Morel as the murderer. Still the fact remained of his master having turned him off, and of his having been heard to threaten his master. In this, however, Monsieur Richard was at once his best and worst witness; for, though he could not deny the threat made by Prosper in his presence, yet, aided by Madame Jean, he had been the means of bringing him back into his uncle's service, if not favour; and Madame Jean deposed that Prosper's gratitude to all, and above all, to his master, for giving him another chance, was loud, deep, and sincere. So said Monsieur le Curé, who had been instructed to admonish Prosper, and who had been, he said, edified by the man's behaviour on that occasion.

Notwithstanding all this, Prosper Morel was kept preventively in prison, and, having no other presumable culprit under its claw, French law gave itself its habitual delight in torturing, as much as possible, the one it had caught. However, even French law has a limit to its harshness and narrow-mindedness, and without one single shadow of a proof, Prosper's detention could not last. The man's behaviour in prison was irreproachable. He was mostly silent, and absorbed in the study of a well-thumbed book of prayers. When not silent, he either sang his Breton cantiques or prayed aloud for the soul of his murdered master. None of his guardians liked him; but there were not two opinions about his innocence. Besides, to his credit be it spoken, Monsieur Richard, so soon as the first shattering effect of the crime had a little worn off, did every thing in his power to come to the bûcheron's aid; and when each succeeding examination by the Juge d'Instruction brought forth the increased certainty of the

crime having been committed by some one from without, whose identity could not by any means be brought to tally with that of the woodcutter, why, the woodcutter had to be released. So one fine day old Prosper went back to his hut, and recommenced his avocations. But so repellant was the man's nature, that the having been a victim to a false accusation did not make him interesting. His innocence was proved beyond all doubt, yet people shunned him as before, and he led a solitary life up in his woods.

The sum of ready money stolen was found, as nearly as any retrospective calculation could be made, to amount to about fifteen thousand francs—five thousand and odd hundreds in gold and silver, and the rest in notes. The numbers of all the notes had not apparently been taken, although in a little side drawer of Martin Prévost's bureau-table was found, with the date of 8th October written on it, a slip of paper on which were marked down the numbers of three 1,000-franc notes and of two 500-franc ones. Of course, the necessary measures were immediately taken to stop these notes; but of the others no trace could be obtained.

Two weeks passed over, and certainly no effort was spared. Officials came from neighbouring towns, and the Préfet of the Chef Lieu du Département wrote to Paris and came himself to D—, and a great stir was made; but the mystery never allowed one corner of its veil to be lifted. There were examples of such mysteries in the judicial history of France, and the Prévost murder was destined to be a fresh one added to the list.

The person who did really create a lively and sincere interest everywhere, was poor Monsieur Richard. For many miles round, he was talked of and lamented over; and particularly when it was known how very rich he was, his neighbours fell into the habit of calling him, quite affectionately, "ce pauvre Monsieur Richard."

Of a truth, when old Prévost's affairs came to be looked into, it was a matter for universal surprise to see how rich he had become. He had, for the last twenty or thirty years, conducted his financial business through men who did not know or communicate with each other. But at his death the accounts of all were forthcoming, and the Cholet notary and a Paris notary, a Paris stockbroker and a Paris banker, all produced their books, and old Prévost was found to be possessed of double and treble the property, in various securities, that had

ever been supposed. Between land and floating investments, his fortune amounted to near upon three millions five hundred thousand francs! Bundles of railway obligations there were, for instance, on such lines as the Orleans and St. Germain, which had never been touched since their creation, and which had more than doubled.

Poor Monsieur Richard! It certainly diminished no one's interest in him when the notary at D—— produced Martin Prévost's will, by which, subject only to one or two small charges, — such as a provision for Madame Jean, who did not need it! — he left everything he possessed to his nephew. Richard Prévost's income was not far under one hundred and seventy thousand francs a year!

"Indeed, sir," said the notary at D——, "your poor uncle was more attached to you than any one knows besides myself."

"And even you do not know what I lose in losing him," answered the young man. And his last interview with his uncle seemed to have so deeply impressed him as to have almost cured him of his admiration for Mademoiselle Félicie.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVERS.

If the reader has not forgotten Monsieur le Vicomte's application to Martin Prévost touching the mortgage or sale of Les Grandes Bruyères, he will readily understand the singular embarrassment in which Monsieur le Vicomte found himself placed, when, instead of a living money-lender, he suddenly confronted the corpse of a murdered man. Things had reached a point when any retrograde steps would be likely to provoke a "scandal," as provincial newshawkers term it; and were Félicie's marriage with Monsieur de Champmorin to be definitively broken off, she might at once resign herself to the blessings of spinsterhood, for she had few or no "extraordinary resources," as Finance Ministers, in the face of a deficit, term it, to fall back upon. Félicie had got just now her one chance in hand. She would hardly get another. How should she? She could not be taken about to watering-places, — there was no money for that sort of thing, — and she could not even achieve a visit to Paris; for, besides the pecuniary question, she had no relation there who would take notice of her unmarried, or help her to get a husband!

No: if any unlucky circumstance prevented Mademoiselle Félicie from becoming Madame de Champmorin, she would simply fall back upon her father's hands, or she would have to make a mésalliance, and even of that — frightful as it was! — what likelihood was there in such an out-of-the-way place as D——?

It was altogether a dismal look-out, and such Monsieur le Vicomte felt it to be. Of course a man, even so hard pressed as he was, could not, for decency's sake, attempt to force on the discussion of his private affairs at the moment of so shocking a catastrophe as that of old Prévost's death. So he was obliged to wait and postpone the settlement with Monsieur de Champmorin's notary, under no matter what pretext. And this was not altogether easy. In France, when a marriage is being negotiated, the two persons who are to be joined together and made one can only, till that junction be operated, be fitly described as "hostile parties." Those who act for them pass their lives in the exercise of the cunningest strategy, and to have "out-manceuvred the enemy" is glorious. True! it is a game of "who wins loses;" for, if the victory be gained, the husband or wife may be lost.

Now, if the Champmorin general attained to a full discovery of what had passed in the Vêrancour camp, he would, undoubtedly, raise his own reputation for sharpness and address, and be confided in largely by the fathers and mothers around; but he would cost his client a well-born, strictly brought up, and very charming wife. Vêrancour père knew that that consideration was a secondary one, and he did not disguise to himself the danger. Having explained, as well as he could, to his adversary that his own and his father's business had always been managed by Martin Prévost, and that, after the latter's retirement from his office, he had preferred his advice to that of the notary who was his official successor, Monsieur le Vicomte contrived to obtain a respite from his future son-in-law's representative, and set to work to make the most he could of old Prévost's heir.

There was no kindness, no attention, that was not shown by the inmates of the Château to poor Monsieur Richard; and, though the quality of these advances was still of a patronising sort, yet they were very soothing to the unhappy young man, and he gladly accepted them; so that, by degrees, half his time came to be spent at the Château. He never grew to feel at

home with this family; but the intercourse with them was pleasant, and took him out of himself.

With regard to Mademoiselle Félicie, there was assuredly a strange revulsion of feeling in young Prévost's heart and mind. You would have thought that she frightened him, and for the first few days of his intimacy, if such it can be called, at the Château, he almost seemed to shrink from her. Vévette, with her sweet gentle ways, her simple piety, and her instinct of consolation, attracted Richard at the outset far more than the fascinating Félicie, who had, as we know, before the recent tragedy, made such an impression upon him. But this did not last; and the nephew of the deceased usurer and that born *Sœur de Charité*, Vévette, were, even when taken together, no match for Monsieur de Vêrancour's eldest daughter. Before three weeks were past, Monsieur Richard was hopelessly secured, manacled, and cast down enchained at the feet of his fair enslaver, and whilst he regarded his very adoration,—mute though it was,—as presumptuous, it would have been hard to say whether she condescended even to notice that she had inspired it.

The two sisters were very different; differing in beauty as in character and mind. Félicie was just nineteen, her younger sister seventeen and a half. They were in every respect two nearly perfect types of French womanhood,—of those two great divisions of the female sex in France, neither of which do we Englishmen ever thoroughly understand. The elder girl was a true representative of the by far larger class, which from Diane de Poitiers down to Madame Tallien or to Madame Récamier, through all the Chevreuses, Montespan and Pompadours of three centuries, has borne haughtily in hand the banner of feminine courage, activity, and intelligence, and gone unloving through history. The younger one personified that infinitely rarer order of women, humble and heroic at once, who from Jeanne d'Arc to Louise de la Vallière, worship the ideal, and accept martyrdom as a fitting punishment for having loved.

There is the one characteristic common to the two classes;—both believe love to be an evil, a thing unholy, and in the negation whereof lies true sanctity. Only, whilst the one side achieves the triumph easily, and puts heart and soul into ambition and intellectual pursuits, the other side yields to the conqueror, and accepts wretchedness and death as the fitting

penance for having loved. Much of all this is owing to the social constitution of France, somewhat more to the influence of the clergy and their curious interpretation of Catholic doctrines, but most of all to the conventual and physically ascetic education of well-born women. But for the pivot round which all social relations revolve in France, and on which depend all her immoralities, and a vast deal of her intellectual greatness, you need look no further than to the condemnation of love, held to as a principle by all Frenchwomen,—by those who act up to, as well as by those who are faithless to it.

Félicie de Vêrancour was the very incarnation of what is called a superior woman in France. She had latent in her all that might make one of the most famous of her kind. Self-possessed she was, proud, firm, and a slave to what she believed was duty. Such women are, in France, extolled as high-principled because they are exempt from all passion. Their worst feature is, that they do nothing save upon calculation; their best, that they really are superior to every circumstance. It is not in the power of poverty or misfortune, or even of death itself, to humble, or shake, or extinguish the spirit of a lady in France. This it is which wins for them, often wrongfully, their fame for devotedness. Nine-tenths are devoted to their high idea of themselves,—which may stand instead of a virtue. The tenth portion is devotion itself; but the motive for the devotion is to be found in the idea of expiation. They have loved! Therefore they must expiate.

Félicie was the perfection of the modern beauty of France;—small, delicate, graceful, refined; every movement, every look, was feline; and, once in her atmosphere, you were magnetised. She occupied and attracted you incessantly, raised all your curiosity, and never for one instant satisfied it.

As to Vévette;—but she is too well known to be portrayed. All nations and all ages know her. Italy calls her Juliet, Germany Gretchen; we in England cannot name her, for she is legion; in France only is she rare, for she is out of the social groove, and lives, however innocent or pure she may happen to be, in a perpetual state of terror and humiliation at the notion of her sin.

Well! October was drawing to its close, and, there seeming to be no chance of the gloomy mystery being fathomed, the Prévost murder had ceased to be the sole pre-occupation of the public mind at D—.

The weather was magnificent for the season, and, in exchange for Monsieur de Vêrancour's attention to him, Richard Prévoist gave the Vicomte permission to shoot over every acre of his land, of which permission the Vicomte profited to the utmost extent. Félicie's dominion over the poor young man had reached such a height, that he had ceased having any over himself. He belonged to Félicie. And yet, if you had studied him well, you must have come to the conclusion that Monsieur Richard was not "in love."

One evening, towards the end of the month, Vévette was descending the little, narrow, stony path, leading from the parish church of D— to a side entrance into the gardens of the Château. She had a prayer-book in her hand.

As she turned a corner of the old wall, and thus was completely hidden from the side of the town, some one came from behind the bushes which skirted the path towards the open country; and a voice said, almost in a whisper, "Vévette!"

The girl stopped, and turning pale, "Oh! how you frightened me, Raoul!" she said, clasping her prayer-book close upon her breast with both hands.

"Frightened you, Vévette!" was the rejoinder, in a tone of more sadness than reproach. "Alarm is not the feeling I wish to inspire, but I must speak to you, dearest; I must, indeed."

Vévette trembled, and looked thoroughly scared. "At this hour," she objected, "and so near the house. It is too dangerous! Suppose any one should see us. Good heavens, Raoul, how did you come? why did you come here?"

"Vévette, dearest!" was the answer, in a gentle tone, "I came here on foot from Mollignon, across the fields, and I came here because I tell you again that I must see you. I calculated that, as this was Saturday, you would certainly be going to confession at your usual hour, and that as you came home I could meet you; but you are coming back an hour earlier than usual, — has any thing happened?"

"Yes," replied she; "Monsieur le Curé has been sent for to administer poor old Gayrard, the blacksmith, who is dying, and he can only be in the confessional this evening."

The young man came close to the trembling girl, and took one of her hands in his, which apparently increased her alarm tenfold. "Vévette," pleaded he, tenderly, "we have a whole hour to ourselves. You will not be expected home before six, and

it has not yet struck five. Now listen to me, darling;" and he drew closer to her side; "there may be a certain danger in talking here, as we are now doing; it is not likely that any one will pass this way, which leads only from your gate to the church, — still it is within possibility; there will be no danger at all if you will come down as far as the Pavilion, and let me go in there with you."

The girl shuddered. "Into the Pavilion, Raoul?" she exclaimed. "Why, what would become of us, if" — she hesitated. "What would happen, supposing my father" —

"Where is your father?" interrupted Raoul.

"Out shooting in the woods belonging to La Grande Ferme."

"Oh! his new friend, Monsieur Richard's woods," observed he with a smile. "And Félicie?"

"Félicie is at home, hard at work at the altar carpet we are to give Monsieur le Curé at All Saints'."

"And, rely upon it, Monsieur Richard is in attendance upon her," added the young man, with an expression of bitter disdain. "I should not be permitted to be alone with either of you for two minutes; but that bourgeois-millionnaire may pay his court at all hours."

"For shame, Raoul," retorted Vévette. "He has gone through such an awful trial; and besides, poor Monsieur Richard, he is of no consequence!"

During this little parley, Raoul had managed to obtain undisputed possession of Vévette's hand, and in the end he also persuaded her to come with him into what he called the Pavilion.

This was no other than a kind of garden-house built into the wall of the old rampart. It lay immediately under the terrace on which, some days since, we saw the two sisters sitting at work, and was entered by a glass door, which opened upon a narrow path of the kitchen-garden. A small gate in the wall gave ingress from the lane into the garden, and of this gate Vévette kept the key; for it was through it she let herself out and in, when she went to the church or the presbytere. The only occasions on which Vévette or her sister ever moved about alone were these. The church and presbytere had originally been dependencies of the Château, and the small number of servants in the Vêrancour household made it convenient that sometimes the young ladies should venture unattended from their own garden-gate to the sacristy-door.

In the interior of the Pavilion, there were two rooms; one rather large, the other a mere dark closet at the back, without a window.

When the pair had entered, and closed the glass door, the young man threw off his hat, and raising Vévette's hand to his lips, kissed it silently, and with a sort of grave rapture. She laid her prayer-book down.

What a handsome pair they were! She all grace, and softness, and tenderness, and humility; and he all fire and energy, and made, as it seemed, to protect her. Vévette was the first to speak. He appeared to have forgotten why they were there.

"Raoul," said she, "why have you forced me to come here? What have you to say to me?"

Holding her hand, which he took from his lips, in one of his, he, with the other arm, encircled her waist, and pressed her to him fondly. Her head just reached his chin, and as he bent down towards her, he could not choose but kiss her beautiful fair hair; but he did so reverently.

"Don't tremble so, my own," murmured he, almost inaudibly, — for she quivered like a leaf. "You do not, you cannot fear me;" and he drew her still closer to him.

Vévette was all pallor, and then again all one blush, and panting with terror and emotion. "What will become of us!" she cried; and with a sudden, childlike impulse, she hid her face upon her lover's shoulder, and burst into tears.

Gently as a mother stills her babe did Raoul strive to calm and pacify Vévette. "My very own," said he, when the first paroxysm was over, "if you will follow my counsels, and if you can rely upon yourself, all will come right. Only answer me two questions. Do you love me, Vévette?" and as he uttered the words, he looked at her with his whole soul in his eyes. She gave no reply in words, but as her eyes sank before his, she again hid her face on his breast; and a tremor, a kind of electric vibration, passed over her frame.

"Well, then," resumed Raoul, apparently satisfied, "will you consent to be bargained away to some man you cannot love, as your sister will be? Will you betray and destroy me, out of weakness?"

Vévette turned round, and looked imploringly at her lover. "What am I to do, Raoul?" she pleaded. "Obedience to my father is my most sacred, my first duty."

"No, Vévette, it is not so," interrupted Raoul firmly. "Truth to me is now your first duty. You have given me your heart

and soul, and you must be true to me, or be unworthy."

"Oh Raoul, Raoul!" wept the agonised girl, "there is my sin; and for that sin we shall both suffer."

"Vévette, there is your virtue, and virtue is strength. Our love can save us; but it must be strong. We are going to be separated," — this was uttered with a visible effort. "Don't be alarmed, my sweet one; there is no separation between those who really love. We shall be nearer to each other when I am in Paris and you here, than you and any of those who are side by side with you will be. I am not afraid of the trial, Vévette, and therefore you need not be so. My father sends me to Paris to enter the offices of the ministère de la Marine as an unpaid clerk, — the interest of my uncle the Admiral has achieved this enviable position, — but that is merely the beginning. — I have another plan. I will make my own career for myself."

"Raoul!" interrupted Vévette, aghast at her lover's boldness. "And your father!"

"My father will in the end approve, because he will be unable to help himself; for I will distinguish myself, and bring fresh honour to his name. But that is all a matter of mere detail, and we have not time for it now; the one thing of importance to us is, to be sure of each other. We are very soon to be parted, darling. Will you wait for me, and will you one day be my wife?"

Vévette's look of mute despair told the entire tale of her mistaken education.

"Will you promise me," continued Raoul compassionately, "to withstand all attempts to marry you to any one else?"

"Raoul!" exclaimed she with energy, and as though illuminated by a sudden inspiration, "I will promise you to take the veil rather than marry any one else. That I can do, and that I will do."

"Poor child!" rejoined her lover gravely; "and so work out the misery and death of both yourself and me. And this is what they call religious teaching! Now listen to me, Vévette;" and he put both his arms round her.

"Hush!" whispered she, breaking from him hurriedly; "there is some one coming down the path this way; we are lost!"

"Be calm, Vévette," said Raoul, with authority; "I will hide myself there in the dark closet. Open the door directly; meet whoever it is with assurance, and try to draw them away from the Pavilion!"

Vévette obeyed mechanically; took up her garden hat, opened the glass door, and

found herself face to face with Richard Prévost.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle Geneviève," said he respectfully. "You are just returned from church, I see. I was going out this way, up the steep path, because I have some one to see on the Place de l'Eglise, and it is much nearer; and he went towards the gate in the wall.

Raoul had the key in his pocket. He had shut it, and locked it on the inside. What was to be done? Vévette's confusion was luckily somewhat concealed by her large, overhanging straw hat, and Monsieur Richard was never supposed to be very sharp. She stammered something about the key being lost, and in fact said at last that she had lost it, and was afraid she should be scolded. "It is no matter at all," replied blandly Monsieur Richard, "we can go round. But I thought you always went that way. I thought you came just now from that gate into the Pavilion."

"I had come all the way round, but had some seeds I wanted to look for in the garden-house," she answered, trembling with fear.

"Oh! I beg your pardon a thousand times," said Monsieur Richard humbly. "I am afraid I have disturbed you."

They went back together towards the Château, and Vévette let Monsieur Richard out by another gate, and then went into the house herself, calm externally, but internally convulsed with dread.

Had Monsieur Richard seen any thing, or heard voices? What did he guess? What did he know?

That evening the sisters went together to the church, and close behind the sacristy-door Vévette perceived Raoul. When they went out, Vévette followed Félicie. "All is safe," whispered a voice in her ear as she passed; and a key was put into her hand under her cloak. Félicie had seen nothing.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VICOMTE'S TROUBLES.

It was within two days of All Saints' day, when Monsieur le Vicomte went up, just after breakfast time, to pay a visit to his new friend and protégé, as he thought him.

Madame Jean received him with affability. She had grown gracious in her demeanor towards the "Son of the Crusaders;" for, in the first place, the tragical death of her old master had considerably

softened her, and in the next she relented towards these ci-devants, — useless and obstructive as they seemed to her, — because their conduct to her young master touched her.

She shook her head, with a sigh, in answer to Monsieur de Vérancour's inquiries at the door. "Ah!" said she, "we are none of us the same since then. We shall be a long while before we get over it; and as for poor Monsieur Richard, he really ought to be persuaded to go away for a short time. He never was strong; but he is wasting away now. He ought to change the air. He wants change of scene, change of everything. He's in a bad way." And with another mournful shake of the head, she ushered the Vicomte into Monsieur Richard's presence.

It was not the room that had formerly been old Prévost's, nor even that immediately under it, which his nephew had been used to inhabit. It was the salon de compagnie, as provincials term it, which Monsieur Richard had caused to be arranged as a kind of study, and out of which he rarely went.

When the Vicomte entered, Richard Prévost came forward eagerly, to meet him, and when they were seated he began the conversation. "Has the shooting been satisfactory?" he asked. "I have done my best, and have told the garde at the Grande Ferme to keep a sharp look-out; but it is hard in these parts not to share one's game with all the ne'er-do-wells of the department."

"Well, yesterday I tried the woods up there," rejoined Monsieur de Vérancour, pointing in the direction of the hill behind the town. "In the way of hares and chevreuils, there's something to be done certainly."

"Ah!" remarked Richard; "in the high timber? yes; and if I dared put old Prosper Morel at your orders, you might have excellent sport. Never was there such a traqueur as that man in the world. But then, you see, I daren't trust him with a gun; you know he was complained of in my uncle's time; — the instinct is too strong for him. We were obliged even to have his permit taken from him. I daren't give you Prosper."

"Well," answered the Vicomte, in a musing manner, "I saw the poor old fellow yesterday up in the woods yonder, and he looks to me terribly altered. I can't help thinking those few days' imprisonment, and the examinations and suspicions, and all together, were too much for him. He

stares at you in such a strange way, and is more absent than ever. He has quite a moon-struck air."

"Poor man, poor man!" exclaimed Monsieur Richard. "I do not know how to compensate to him for all he went through. In my poor uncle's time, he used to be down here every two days, at least; now he scarcely comes at all. Poor old Prosper!"

The conversation dropped, and it was evident that Monsieur le Vicomte had not paid Richard Prévost this matutinal visit merely to converse about the wrongs of the Breton woodcutter. After a pause of a few seconds, he began upon the matter which was occupying all his mind. "You have perhaps not yet had time to look for the acts I hinted at the other day," said he in the most propitiatory tone he could assume.

Richard Prévost looked as though he had dropped from the clouds. The Vicomte grew more insinuating still.

"I mean the deeds of transfer your lamented uncle had been so good as to prepare," added he, with a smile wherein the deepest sympathy was meant to be allied to the most gracious condescension. "Alas! the papers were all to have been signed on the very day on which" — And here Monsieur de Vêrancour cut his narration short with an appropriate shudder.

"I remember now," replied Richard. "You allude to the papers concerning the sale of Les Grandes Bruyères." The Vicomte nodded assent. "I must beg for forgiveness; but I have only once had the courage to go up there again, — into that dreadful room. I have only once looked into my poor uncle's papers, and I found nothing there."

"Yes! in truth it must be dreadful; — dreadful!" rejoined Monsieur le Vicomte, whose self-interest was waxing warm, and who hardly knew how to come to his point. "Dreadful! shattering to the nervous system; but we must be men, — my poor Monsieur Richard! — we must be men!"

Monsieur Richard sighed. "My poor dear uncle had agreed, I think you told me, to purchase Les Grandes Bruyères," he began, with an apparent effort.

"For the sum of seventy thousand francs paid down," replied Monsieur de Vêrancour. "They were to have been paid into my hands on the fourteenth of this month, — on the day of the murder."

Monsieur Richard turned pale, and for a moment closed his eyes. Then, languidly, he drawled out the poor excuse which he

had to offer. "It must seem deplorably weak to you," he said, "but to enter that room turns me sick. I have tried, and I am not equal to it. You see I have even left what had been my own room since I was a boy. I instinctively fly from all that recalls the horrible, horrible event!" Another pause. "My poor uncle, then, had almost bought the property," he added, half speaking to himself.

"Almost!" echoed Monsieur de Vêrancour. "Quite! He had quite bought it. The formal engagement was taken. It was binding" —

"Not in law," interrupted Richard meekly.

"Perhaps not; but in honour," retorted Vêrancour, becoming desperate.

"Let us say in friendship," suggested Monsieur Richard. "Can you, — will you confide in me as in my poor uncle, and let me know why the immediate sale of the property was so desirable?"

The Vicomte hesitated, and probably the "inward man" made a wry face; but the outward one had to make the best of it, for what else was there to do? So he told him all.

Monsieur Richard listened with the deepest, most respectful attention to the story of which it apparently suited him to appear ignorant; and when the tale was ended, he rubbed his forehead repeatedly with his hand, and seemed a prey to some hopeless perplexity.

"So that if the property is not purchased within a given time," he began, "there might result a positive inconvenience, — a kind of obstacle, — to the establishment of Mademoiselle Félicie."

"A kind of obstacle!" echoed the Vicomte; "why, it would be ruin, my dear Monsieur, — ruin to us all; for such a parti as Monsieur de Champmorin is not to be found readily in the provinces."

Monsieur de Vêrancour, like a great many people in his position, became pressing the moment he had ceased to be supercilious and disdainful, and he was on the verge of becoming importunate. Now that he had been forced into confiding in Monsieur Richard, it did seem to him so tremendous a fact that a daughter of the house of Vêrancour should be placed in a dilemma out of which this low-born, money-lending bourgeois could extricate her, that he thought by the mere statement of the case to overwhelm that individual and secure his services to an unlimited extent.

When the Vicomte made the hurried and

vehement admission of his embarrassment, a flush stole over Monsieur Richard's cheek, and a light shot from beneath his eyelids; but he concealed both by his hand on which he leant.

"I could hardly have believed," he said slowly, and with an expression of sorrow, "that any event, coming immediately after the dreadful catastrophe which has so shaken me, could give me such intense pain; but indeed, Monsieur le Vicomte, your statement makes me miserable beyond words. Do you require me to say that my devotion to your family is without bounds? Obscure as I am, I may be allowed to express my gratitude. Your kindness to me since my misfortune has made me your slave. I would give my life to serve any of you." The Vicomte looked benignly upon his inferior, and seemed to accept his sacrifice with indulgence. "But," continued Richard Prévost, "it is out of my power to do any thing."

"How out of your power?" retorted the Vicomte, forgetful of every thing save his own needs. "Surely you can keep your uncle's engagement?"

"Perhaps at some later date," replied Monsieur Richard. "It would pain me too much to say no!—perhaps later;—perhaps when I see clear in my own affairs. You see times are bad just now;—the financial crisis lasts still, and I cannot sell. All the ready money has been carried away, as you know, by the robbery; and I am myself in difficulties, for I am concluding the arrangements for the purchase of the Châteaubréville estate; and,—to you I will avow it,—I do not know how to obtain what is wanted for the first payment, because, as I said before, all securities are so depreciated, that if I sell, I must be a heavy loser. However, later;—in a month or two"—

"Good God!" exclaimed the Vicomte, rudely, "in a month or two all will be over! Unless I can get the money within a fortnight Champmorin will be off! His notary is a sharp fellow, and will soon find out how the land really lies. And once this chance gone, where is Félicie to find a husband? I wish you would tell me!"

"Oh! Monsieur le Vicomte!" answered Richard, bowing low, "it is not for such as me to point out that;—but assuredly so accomplished a young lady, so admirable a person as Mademoiselle Félicie, and of so illustrious a race, can only have to choose."

"Bah!" retorted Monsieur de Vérancour; "no perfections are worth a centime! And in the pit of ignominy into which we have

sunk, gold only is powerful. The noblesse deserts itself, the historical names sell themselves to the highest bidders, and take the mothers of their future sons from the gutter, so there be money to be got! I tell you Félicie has no chance. She must live to be a beggarly old maid, if she can't marry Champmorin!" And then Monsieur le Vicomte fell to wheedling his opponent, and called him his "dear Monsieur Richard," and expressed his conviction that he would help him out of his difficulties in consideration of the friendship they bore him.

When Monsieur de Vérancour took leave of Richard Prévost the latter had promised to try and borrow the seventy thousand francs, but he laid stress on the word "try," for he said the operation would be difficult.

The Vicomte was no sooner gone than Monsieur Richard opened a drawer in the table near which he was sitting, and drew out a large leather portfolio full of papers. After turning over several of them, he stopped at one, and looked at it a long while. It was the deed of sale of Les Grandes Bruyères, drawn up by old Martin Prévost.

Monsieur Richard spelt and weighed every word, and then at last took it up and examined it closely. In so doing, another sheet of paper adhered to it, and from between the folds a half-open letter dropped upon the ground. When Richard Prévost had sufficiently examined the deed, he replaced it in the portfolio, then stooped, picked up the fallen letter, and was about to replace it too; but something in it arrested his attention, and he opened and read it; it was as follows:—

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR PREVOST,

I dare not go to you, for fear my father should hear of it and have some suspicion, and my father must not know of what I am about to ask. You once told me, when I was only a boy, that if ever I needed help I must apply to you. I do so now. I am in absolute need of the sum of two thousand francs. I have no means of getting it,—and if I do not get it, I no longer care for life! My future, my happiness, everything hangs upon this, to you, so trifling a sum, and a week hence will be too late! Do not let me ask in vain. I have believed in your words, I have relied upon you, I have no other resource. For the sake of the gratitude they say your mother once owed to mine, help me now.

Yours devotedly,

RAOUL DE MORVILLE."

Richard grew pale and red alternately, as he read and re-read this letter, and when he saw the date, the 7th of October, he muttered to himself, "Just a week before the day! Oh! my God, my God! what

is this!" and, crumpling the letter up in one of his hands, he sank back upon his chair, and leaned his head upon the table before him.

From The Christian Observer.

THE QUAKER AMONGST KINGS: SHILLITOE, THE QUAKER MISSIONARY.

Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By William Talack. London: Partridge. 1867.

THE story of Quaker Missionaries is curious and interesting. Their ministry appears sometimes to be dedicated to the Friends, for the purpose of promoting spiritual life amongst them,—sometimes to Christians in general, the same object being in view,—sometimes, and often in union with the last, the recovery of outcasts and the more humane treatment of prisoners. We are not aware of their attempting any thing in heathen countries.

We took some account, in 1855, of the Life of Joseph John Gurney, who devoted a portion of his time and remarkable energies to such mission work. In 1862, we gave our readers a sketch of the singular life and labours of Stephen Grellet. We now introduce them to another, whose name stands at the head of this article.

The Quakers, or Friends, do not seek to make proselytes, and their common experience is the constant transfer of individuals and families from their ranks, leaving vacancies which none are found to fill up. It is the more worthy of observation, that both Grellet and Shillitoe were converts. Grellet had been brought up as a Roman Catholic, the religion of his family, which was French. Shillitoe was the son of parents who were members of the Church of England. He joined the Society of Friends in mature age, and by his own deliberate choice, and, contrary to the wishes of his father and mother, and of other relations and friends.

His story is not well told by the author of his memoir. Professedly for want of room, a very imperfect view of his life and labours is given; while many pages are occupied with little disquisitions by the biographer, which we may at least say are less welcome than would have been an equal allowance of the details of the good man's life.

The three worthy Friends whose names we have already mentioned, and others of whom we have heard, when pressed in conscience, by something which they treated as akin to inspiration, to set forth on their benevolent expeditions, appear to have felt an impulse to get into the presence of Sovereigns, sometimes for the purpose of speaking to them on the subject of the salvation of their souls, sometimes to entreat them to correct abuses under which their subjects suffered.

J. J. Gurney had interviews with the kings of Holland, Denmark, and Prussia in 1841, and with Louis Philippe, king of the French, and the king of Württemberg, in 1843.

Stephen Grellet desired, but failed, to find a way into the Emperor Napoleon's presence in 1808; he had an interview with the Emperor of Russia, in London, in 1814; with Bernadotte, king of Sweden, in 1818; several interviews with the Emperor of Russia, at St. Petersburg, in the winter of 1818—19; and with the Pope in the latter of those years.

Shillitoe's communications with royalty were as follows:—With George III., very brief, in 1793; with George IV., then Prince Regent, also very brief, in 1813; with the King and Queen of Denmark in 1821; with George IV., again, most brief, in 1824; and in the same year with the Crown Prince of Prussia; in the winter of that year, with the Emperor of Russia; with the President of the United States in 1827;

and in 1832, with our own William IV. and Queen Adelaide.

After introducing a mere skeleton of his history, we shall give what space we can afford to some of those interviews.

Thomas Shillitoe was born in London in May, 1754. His father was Librarian of Gray's Inn. Both his parents were members of the Church of England, and were careful in the training of their children. It looks, however, as if that carefulness was not strong enough to resist even a moderate amount of temptation; for, when Thomas was twelve years of age, his father, wishing for an easier life, set up as landlord of the Three Tuns at Islington, and Thomas had to help in the business, and to be in fact the pot-boy. Three or four years were enough to enable Mr. Shillitoe to lose the savings of his life, and he returned to Gray's Inn, to hold an inferior situation, but to lead a happier life, in which he could act up to the convictions which had not forsaken him in his life as a publican.

Thomas was now apprenticed to a grocer at Wapping, being sixteen years of age. Within a year, his master and he removed to Portsmouth. He made some useful acquaintances in both places, but in the house of his master all was miserable and vicious; and at his urgent request his father procured his release from his indentures, and obtained employment for him in the same line of business in London. When he was about twenty years of age, an acquaintance which he had formed led him to a Quaker's Meeting House, which he afterwards attended with regularity on Sunday mornings; but the holy day was now less given to religion than it had been before, for instead of going to church in the afternoon or evening, he spent the time in tea gardens, and other places of resort of a similar kind. So passed another year, until his conscience began to reproach him, and led him to a serious consideration of his state before God, and to the commencement of a religious life.

It is not stated that he immediately joined the Society of Friends. His adherence to them is rather described as a gradual process. His parents were averse to it. But eventually he took the decided step, and became one of the first instruments of infusing new life into a community which had long been sinking lower and lower in spiritual religion.

We next read of him as a clerk in a Quaker banking-house; then, as pained by the worldliness of his Quaker comrades, quitting the counter, and becoming a journey-

man shoemaker, on wages which sometimes provided him with bread and cheese, and sometimes with bread only. In 1778, when he was 23 years of age, he set up in that business on his own account in Tottenham, at which place, except during two intervals of absence, he resided till he died there in 1836, in a good old age. Not having been trained in childhood under the discipline of Quakerism, he had not the wonderful self-control which so distinguishes that body, but was irritable in his temper. On the other hand, in common with many of those who had given themselves to what is called amongst them the work of the Ministry, he was earnest, self-denying, resolute, persevering, and apparently indifferent to reproach, in pursuit of his objects.

While engaged in business, he had frequently preached in the Friends' meeting-houses; but in 1805 he yielded to an impulse which he speaks of as if he could not resist it, by retiring from business, that he might give himself to what he called his "religious duties from home." At that time he had a wife and five children, and an income derived from his savings in trade of a "bare hundred pounds a year."

In England and Ireland his journeys were chiefly made on foot. He wore the commonest clothing, and was content with the most homely fare. He may therefore have contrived in those journeys to live upon his own scanty resources and the hospitality of the community to which he belonged.

But journeys through Denmark, Norway, Russia, Prussia, Germany, Sweden, France, and the United States, could not, we apprehend, have been accomplished without some addition to his slender resources, and we may suppose that the Friends, when they commend such missionaries to their work, place at their disposal the means of accomplishing it. Putting all the journeys together, they amount to several years out of the last thirty of his life.

It is remarkable, and disappointing, that we meet with no evidence of any success having attended his earnest and devout labours. We read of people being serious, thoughtful, and grateful, but that is about all. Whether this was really all, or whether the biographer was reticent, or imperfectly informed, we of course cannot decide.

From the slender store of anecdotes given in this little volume, we relate those which are connected with royalty. The rest might have happened in the experience of any man who seeks to do good. These would

scarcely occur in the life of any single person excepting a "Friend."

The first in point of time was an interview with George III.

Thomas Shillitoe, "after a long and solemn impression of duty," went to Windsor, taking another "Friend" with him. They stood in the stable yard, where the King was expected to mount his horse for his morning ride. When the Sovereign appeared, the Friends were desired to fall back, but Shillitoe's companion, observing that the King was looking at them, called out, "This friend of mine has something to communicate to the King." This procured the desired audience. The King with his attendants, went up to the Friends, and took off his hat. There was a silence for some minutes. Shillitoe was praying for help. Then he began, and addressed the King for about twenty minutes. We are left entirely in the dark as to the subject on which he spoke, but he began with "Hear, O King!" At the conclusion, tears were seen streaming down the cheeks of the King, who, instead of taking his usual ride, returned thoughtfully into the Castle.

The next instance was an interview, twenty years later, with the Prince Regent, at Brighton. Thomas Shillitoe had no hope of obtaining a hearing, and therefore had committed his thoughts to writing; but he had determined to deliver the letter into the Prince's hand, and to ask him to read it. He posted himself near the gates of the Pavilion when the Prince was going out for a ride, and called out with a request that he might be heard. The Prince replied that he was in haste, but being told that there was a letter for him, he said that it might be given to Colonel Bloomfield. The Colonel promised that it should be placed in the Prince's hands. The principal part of the letter is printed in this Memoir, pp. 107—110. It was plain-spoken, searching, awful. It spoke of the Prince's temptations, and of his intemperance, of his companions—"of the writer's "anguish and affliction of soul" on his account, of mercy through Christ, and of salvation as "an individual work;"—lastly, of the Judgment Day.

If the Prince did really, in retirement, read the Quaker's letter, we can imagine him trembling like an aspen leaf. There are some reasons for thinking that he did read it. On the next day there was to have been a grand birthday entertainment at the Pavilion; it was suddenly countermanded without explanation. Eleven

years after (1824), when the Prince had succeeded to the throne, Shillitoe had another interview with him in Windsor Park, and reminded him of the address delivered to him at Brighton. The King answered, "I remember you did," and reined up his horses while he received another paper (a memorial against Sabbath desecration in Hanover), and listened to a few earnest words spoken by the bearer of it. But the most remarkable indication that the address delivered to the Prince at Brighton was read, and had troubled his spirit, is found in an anecdote of the unhappy King's most wretched death-bed, when he was heard to exclaim with emotion, "O that Quaker, that Quaker!"

In the year 1821 Thomas Shillitoe had a series of interviews with the King and Queen of Denmark, at Copenhagen. The biographer only tells us that they were "very satisfactory," and that they were followed by an invitation sent through him to the "Friends" to occupy a tract of land in Jutland, with a promise of special protection, and respect for their conscientious scruples against bearing arms.

In 1824, he had interviews with the King of Prussia and with the Crown Prince, at Berlin. The subject was Sabbath desecration, and other wrongs which a ruler might correct. The King admitted that there were faults to be remedied, and that righteousness was the best security of the throne, and expressed his desire that the Lord might bless his visitor in these his undertakings. He spent the winter of the same year at St. Petersburg, and twice he was admitted into the presence of the Emperor Alexander.

When the Emperor was in London in 1814, he was visited by Stephen Grellet and William Allen. Some particulars of the interview will be found in our number for July 1862, pp. 493—5. The Emperor at that time was greatly moved, and found comfort and help through the devout conversation and earnest prayers of his visitors. Afterwards he attended at the Friends Meeting House in Westminster. In 1818—19, Grellet and Allen spent some months in St. Petersburg, and had audiences of the Emperor, with whom they had serious religious conversation and prayer, in which the Emperor showed that he joined with a fervent heart. To these good men he gave an account of his first deep religious impressions, to which some reference is made in our review of Grellet, but which are narrated with much fulness in the Memoirs of

the latter, and repeated in substance in the volume now under our review. (pp. 117, 118.)

When Thomas Shillitoe was introduced to the Emperor of Russia in 1824, the first inquiry made of him was about the welfare of Grellet and Allen. The conversation which ensued turned upon the state of the Russian Empire, and the things which concerned the salvation of the Emperor himself. How useful to be reminded that the ruler who may measure his dominions by thousands of miles, and the subject or other person who cannot call an inch of the surface of the earth his own, stand on the same ground in the sight of God, and are in need of the same mercy for the salvation of their souls, and of the same sanctification, and guidance in life, by the Spirit! The Emperor and the Quaker knelt down for silent prayer. When that was ended, Alexander concluded the interview by opening his mind to one who had been a pot-boy, a grocer's apprentice, a journeyman cobbler, and at the highest a suburban shoemaker. He told him, that in early life he had felt a craving for more divine knowledge than he possessed, and that he had failed to see how to obtain it, until in the providence of God, he had become acquainted with the Society of Friends. Through them he had learned to look for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and he blessed God that some of them had been sent to keep him in remembrance of what he had been taught: he spoke of the difficulty of rightly fulfilling the great duties which devolved upon him in his exalted position, attended as it was with such heavy responsibility. He proceeded thus:—"You have counselled me to an unreserved and well-timed obedience in all things. I clearly see it to be my duty; and this is what I want to be more brought into the experience of. But when I try for it, doubts come into my mind, and discouragements prevail. For although they call me an absolute monarch, it is but little power I have for doing that which I see it right for me to do." (pp. 115, 116.)

Another interview was granted to him afterwards, and he was also admitted, on two occasions, to converse with the pious Prime Minister, Prince Alexander Galitzin, whose influence with the Emperor had been of a most beneficial kind.

The Emperor Alexander died within a year of these interviews.

In 1826, Thomas Shillitoe embarked for New York, and spent three whole years in the United States. He visited the President in 1827, and forewarned him that the

increasing wickedness of the people was provoking a scourge to fall upon them. From the context of the paragraph in which this is stated, it is natural to infer that the evils of slavery were then uppermost in the benevolent Quaker's heart.

When Shillitoe was far advanced in age, he found access to the presence of our own William IV. and Queen Adelaide. He spent some time with each of them, in separate interviews. He had gone to the King with some matters pressing heavily upon his mind. We are not told what they were; but full liberty was given to him to unburthen himself, and he ended by solemnly commending the King to the care and guidance of the Almighty. To the Queen he first delivered advice which was contrary to sound principles in political economy, and then gave religious counsel, which, we trust, was more in harmony with the Scriptures of truth.

In reading the Memoir of this good man, we have often been entertained by his oddities; but much more have we been moved to venerate the quaint little man with his remarkable face, on account of his simplicity, devotedness, self-denial, Christian courage, and thorough obedience to what he regarded as no other than a divine call. There may be differences of opinion as to the comparative usefulness of so desultory a life; but there can be none as to the purity and reality of the Christian principles by which it was directed. Looking back upon those features of his life which we have thought it good to draw forth into prominence, we are forcibly reminded of the Psalmist's resolution, — *I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.* (Ps. cxix. 46.)

[To complete Miss Thackeray's Series of Tales, we go back to old numbers of The Cornhill Magazine for this and another.]

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

A KIND enchantress one day put into my hand a mystic volume prettily lettered, and bound in green, saying, "I am so fond of this book. It has all the dear old fairy tales in it: one never tires of them. Do take it."

I carried the little book away with me, and spent a very pleasant, quiet evening at home by the fire, with H. at the opposite corner, and other old friends, whom I felt I

had somewhat neglected of late. Jack and the Beanstalk, Puss in Boots, the gallant and quixotic Giant-killer, and dearest Cinderella, whom we every one of us must have loved, I should think, ever since we first knew her in her little brown pinafore; I wondered, as I shut them all up for the night between their green boards, what it was that made these stories so fresh and so vivid. Why did not they fall to pieces, vanish, explode, disappear, like so many of their contemporaries and descendants? And yet, far from being forgotten and passing away, it would seem as if each generation in turn, as it came into the world, looks to be delighted still by the brilliant pageant, and never tires or wearies of it. And on their side princes and princesses never seem to grow any older; the castles and the lovely gardens flourish without need of repair or whitewash, or plumbers or glaziers. The princesses' gowns, too, — sun, moon, and star color, — do not wear out or pass out of fashion, or require altering. Even the seven-leagued boots do not appear to be the worse for wear. Numbers of realistic stories for children have passed away. Little Henry and his Bearer, Poor Harry and Lucy, have very nearly given up their little artless ghosts and prattle, and ceased making their own beds for the instruction of less excellently brought up little boys and girls; and, notwithstanding a very interesting article in the *Saturday Review*, it must be owned that Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton are not familiar playfellows in our nurseries and school-rooms, and have passed somewhat out of date. But not so all these centenarians, — Prince Riquet, Carabas, Little Red Riding-hood, Bluebeard, and others. They seem as if they would never grow old. They play with the children, they amuse the elders, there seems no end to their fund of spirits and perennial youth.

H., to whom I made this remark, said, from the opposite chimney-corner, "No wonder; the stories are only histories of real, living persons turned into fairy princes and princesses. Fairy stories are everywhere and every day. We are all princes and princesses in disguise, or ogres or wicked dwarfs. All these histories are the histories of human nature, which does not seem to change very much in a thousand years or so, and we don't get tired of the fairies because they are so true to it."

After this little speech of H.'s, we spent an unprofitable half-hour reviewing our acquaintance, and classing them under their real characters and qualities. We had

dined with Lord Carabas only the day before, and met Puss in Boots; Beauty and the Beast were also there. We uncharitably counted up, I am ashamed to say, no less than six Bluebeards. Jack and the Beanstalk we had met just starting on his climb. A Red Riding-hood; a girl with toads dropping from her mouth; we knew three or four of each. Cinderellas — alas! who does not know more than one dear, poor, pretty, Cinderella; and as for sleeping princesses in the woods, how many one can reckon up! Young, old, ugly, pretty, awakening, sleeping still.

"Do you remember Cecilia Lulworth," said H., "and Dorlicote? Poor Cecilia!"

Some lives are *couleur de rose*, people say; others seem to be, if not *couleur de rose* all through, yet full of bright, beautiful tints, blues, pinks, little bits of harmonious cheerfulness. Other lives, if not so brilliant, and seeming more or less gray at times, are very sweet and gentle in tone, with faint gleams of gold or lilac to brighten them. And then again others, alas! are black and hopeless from the beginning. Besides these, there are some which have always appeared to me as if they were of a dark, dull hue; a dingy, heavy brown, which no happiness, or interest, or bright color, could ever enliven. Blues turn sickly, roses seem faded, and yellow lilacs look red and ugly upon these heavy backgrounds. Poor Cecilia, — as H. called her, — hers had always seemed to me one of these latter existences, unutterably dull, commonplace, respectable, stunted, ugly, and useless.

Lulworth Hall, with the great, dark park bounded by limestone walls, with iron gates here and there, looked like a blot upon the bright and lovely landscape. The place, from a distance, compared with the surrounding country, was a blur and a blemish as it were, — sad, silent, solitary.

Travellers passing by sometimes asked if the place was uninhabited, and were told, "No, shure, — fam'ly lives there all the yeaurr round." Some charitable souls might wonder what life could be like behind those dull gates. One day a young fellow riding by saw rather a sweet woman's face gazing for an instant through the bars, and he went on his way with a momentary thrill of pity. Need I say that it was poor Cecilia who looked out vacantly to see who was passing along the high-road? She was surrounded by hideous moreen, oil-cloth, punctuality, narrow-mindedness, horsehair, and mahogany. Loud bells rang at intervals, regular, monotonous. Surly but devoted attendants waited upon her.

She was rarely alone; her mother did not think it right that a girl in Cecilia's position should "race" about the grounds unattended; as for going outside the walls, it was not to be thought of. When Cecilia went out with her gloves on, and her goloshes, her mother's companion, Miss Bowley, walked beside her up and down the dark laurel walk at the back of the house, — up and down, down and up, up and down. "I think I am getting tired, Maria," Miss Lulworth would say at last. "If so we had better return to the hall," Maria would reply, "although it is before our time." And then they would walk home in silence, between the iron railings and laurel-bushes.

As Cecilia walked erectly by Miss Bowley's side, the rooks went whirling over their heads, the slugs crept sleepily along the path under the shadow of the grass and the weeds; they heard no sounds except the cawing of the birds, and the distant, monotonous, hacking noise of the gardener and his boy digging in the kitchen-garden.

Cecilia, peeping into the long drab drawing-room on her return, might, perhaps, see her mother, erect and dignified, at her open desk, composing, writing, crossing, re-reading, an endless letter to an indifferent cousin in Ireland, with a single candle and a small piece of blotting-paper, and a pen-wiper made of ravelings, all spread out before her.

"You have come home early, Cecil," says the lady, without looking up. "You had better make the most of your time, and practise till the dressing-ball rings. Maria will kindly take up your things."

And then in the chill twilight Cecilia sits down to the jangling instrument, with the worn silk flutings. A faded rack it is upon which her fingers had been distended ever since she can remember. A great many people think there is nothing in the world so good for children as scoldings, whippings, dark cupboards, and dry bread and water, upon which they expect them to grow up into tall, fat, cheerful, amiable men and women; and a great many people think that for grown-up young people the silence, the chillness, the monotony and sadness of their own fading twilight days is all that is required. Mrs. Lulworth and Maria Bowley, her companion, Cecilia's late governess, were quite of this opinion. They themselves, when they were little girls, had been slapped, snubbed, locked up in closets, thrust into bed at all sorts of hours, flattened out on backboards, set on

high stools to play the piano for days together, made to hem frills five or six weeks long, and to learn immense pieces of poetry, so that they had to stop at home all the afternoon. And though Mrs. Lulworth had grown up stupid, suspicious, narrow-minded, soured, and overbearing, and had married for an establishment, and Miss Bowley, her governess's daughter, had turned out nervous, undecided, melancholy, and anxious, and had never married at all, yet they determined to bring up Cecilia as they themselves had been brought up, and sincerely thought they could not do better.

When Mrs. Lulworth married, she said to Maria, "You must come and live with me, and help to educate my children some day, Maria. For the present, I shall not have a home of my own; we are going to reside with my husband's aunt, Mrs. Dormer. She is a very wealthy person, far advanced in years. She is greatly annoyed with Mr. and Mrs. John Lulworth's vagaries, and she has asked me and my husband to take their places at Dorlicote Hall." At the end of ten years, Mrs. Lulworth wrote again, "We are now permanently established in our aunt's house. I hear you are in want of a situation; pray come and superintend the education of my only child, Cecilia (she is named after her godmother, Mrs. Dormer). She is now nearly three years old, and I feel that she begins to require some discipline."

This letter was written at that same desk twenty-two years before Cecilia began her practising that autumn evening. She was twenty-five years old now, but like a child in inexperience, in ignorance, in placidity; a fortunate stolidity and slowness of temperament had saved her from being crushed and nipped in the bud, as it were. She was not bored, because she had never known any other life. It seemed to her only natural that all days should be alike, rung in and out by the jangling breakfast, lunch, dinner, and prayer bells. Mr. Dormer — a little chip of a man — read prayers suitable for every day in the week; the servants filed in, maids first, then the men. Once Cecilia saw one of the maids blush and look down smiling as she marched out after the others. Miss Dormer wondered a little, and thought she would ask Susan why she looked so strangely; but Susan married the groom soon after, and went away, and Cecilia never had an opportunity of speaking to her.

Night after night, Mr. Dormer replaced his spectacles with a click, and pulled up his shirt collar when the service was ended.

Night after night, old Mrs. Dormer coughed a little moaning cough. If she spoke, it was generally to make some little, bitter remark. Every night she shook hands with her nephew and niece, kissed Cecilia's blooming cheek, and patted out of the room. She was a little woman with startling eyes. She had never got over her husband's death. She did not always know when she moaned. She dressed in black, and lived alone in her turret, where she had various old-fashioned occupations, — tatting, camphor-boxes to sort, a real old spinning-wheel and distaff among other things, at which Cecilia, when she was a child, had pricked her fingers trying to make it whirr as her aunt did. Spinning-wheels have quite gone out, but I know of one or two old ladies who still use them. Mrs. Dormer would go nowhere, and would see no one. So at least her niece, the master-spirit, declared; and the old lady got to believe it at last. I don't know how much the fear of the obnoxious John and his wife and children may have had to do with this arrangement.

When her great aunt was gone, it was Cecilia's turn to gather her work together at a warning sign from her mother, and walk away through the long, chilly passages to her slumbers in the great green four-post bed. And so time passed. Cecilia grew up. She had neither friends nor lovers. She was not happy nor unhappy. She could read, but she never cared to open a book. She was quite contented; for she thought Lulworth Hall the finest place, and its inmates the most important people in the world. She worked a great deal, embroidering interminable quilts and braided toilet-covers and fish-napkins. She never thought of any thing but the utterest commonplaces and platitudes. She considered that being respectable and decorous, and a little pompous and overbearing, was the duty of every well-brought-up lady and gentleman. To-night she banged away very placidly at Rhodes' air, for the twentieth time breaking down in the same passage, and making the same mistake, until the dressing-bell rang; and Cecilia, feeling she had done her duty, then extinguished her candle, and went up stairs across the great, chill hall, up the bare oil-cloth gallery, to her room.

Most young women have some pleasure, whatever their troubles may be, in dressing, and pretty trinkets and beads and ribbons and necklaces. An unconscious love of art, and intuition leads some of them, even plain ones, to adorn themselves. The colours and ribbon ends brighten bright faces, enliven dull ones, deck what is already lov-

able, or, at all events, make the most of what materials there are. Even a Maypole, crowned and flowered and tastily ribboned, is a pleasing object. And, indeed, the art of decoration seems to me a charming natural instinct, and one which is not nearly enough encouraged, and a gift which every woman should try to acquire. Some girls, like birds, know how to weave, out of ends of rags, of threads and morsels, and straws, a beautiful whole, a work of real genius for their habitation. Frivolities, say some; waste of time, say others, — expense, vanity. The strong-minded dowagers shake their heads at it all, — Mrs. Lulworth among them; only why had Nature painted Cecilia's cheeks of brightest pink, instead of bilious orange, like poor Maria Bowley's? why was her hair all crisp and curly? and were her white, even teeth, and her clear, gray eyes, vanity and frivolity too? Cecilia was rather too stout for her age; she had not much expression in her face. And no wonder. There was not much to be expressive about in her poor little stunted life. She could not go into raptures over the mahogany sideboard, the camphene lamp in the drawing-room, the four-post beds indoors, the laurel-bushes without, the Moorish temple with yellow glass windows, or the wigwam summer-house, which were the alternate boundaries of her daily walks.

Cecilia was not allowed a fire to dress herself by; a grim maid, however, attended, and I suppose she was surrounded, as people say, by every comfort. There was a horsehair sofa, every thing was large, solid, brown, as I have said, grim, and in its place. The rooms at Lulworth Hall did not take the impress of their inmate; the inmate was moulded by the room. There were in Cecilia's no young-lady-like trifles lying here and there; upon the chest of drawers there stood a mahogany workbox, square, with a key, — that was the only attempt at feminine elegance, — a little faded chenille, I believe, was to be seen round the clock on the chimney-piece, and a black and white check dressing-gown and an ugly little pair of slippers were set out before the toilet-table. On the bed, Cecilia's dinner-costume was lying, — a sickly green dress, trimmed with black, — and a white flower for her hair. On the toilet-table an old-fashioned jasper serpent-necklace and a set of amethysts were displayed for her to choose from, also mittens and a couple of hair-bracelets. The girl was quite content, and she would go down gravely to dinner, smoothing out her hideous toggerly.

Mrs. Dormer never came down before

dinner. All day long she staid up in her room, dozing, and trying remedies, and occasionally looking over old journals and letters until it was time to come downstairs. She liked to see Cecilia's pretty face at one side of the table, while her nephew carved, and Mrs. Lulworth recounted any of the stirring events of the day. She was used to the life, — she was sixty when they came to her, she was long past eighty now, — the last twenty years had been like a long sleep, with the dream of what happened when she was alive and in the world continually passing before her.

When the Lulworths first came to her, she had been in a low and nervous state, only stipulated for quiet and peace, and that no one was to come to her house of mourning. The John Lulworths, a cheery couple, broke down at the end of a month or two, and preferred giving up all chance of their aunt's great inheritance to living in such utter silence and seclusion. Upon Charles, the younger brother and his wife, the habit had grown, until now any thing else would have been toil and misery to them. Except the old rector from the village, the doctor now and then, no other human creature ever crossed the threshold. For Cecilia's sake, Miss Bowley once ventured to hint, —

"Cecilia, with her expectations, has the whole world before her."

"Maria!" said Mrs. Lulworth severely; and, indeed, to this foolish woman it seemed as if money would add more to her daughter's happiness than the delights, the wonders, the interests, the glammers of youth. Charles Lulworth, shrivelled, selfish, dull, worn-out, did not trouble his head about Cecilia's happiness, and let his wife do as she liked with the girl.

This especial night when Cecilia came down in her ugly green dress, it seemed to her as if something unusual had been going on. The old lady's eyes looked bright and glittering, her father seemed more animated than usual, her mother looked mysterious and put out. It might have been fancy, but Cecilia thought they all stopped talking as she came into the room; but then dinner was announced, and her father offered Mrs. Dormer his arm immediately, and they went into the dining-room.

It must have been fancy. Every thing was as usual. "They have put up a few hurdles in Dalron's field, I see," said Mrs. Lulworth. "Charles, you ought to give orders for repairing the lock of the harness-room."

"Have they seen to the pump-handle?" said Mr. Lulworth.

"I think not." And then there was a dead silence.

"Potatoes," said Cecilia to the footman. "Mamma, we saw ever so many slugs in the laurel walk, Maria and I, — didn't we, Maria? I think there are a great many slugs in our place."

Old Mrs. Dormer looked up while Cecilia was speaking, and suddenly interrupted her in the middle of her sentence. "How old are you, child?" she said: "are you seventeen or eighteen?"

"Eighteen! Aunt Cecilia. I am five-and-twenty," said Cecilia, staring.

"Good gracious! is it possible?" said her father, surprised.

"Cecil is a woman now," said her mother.

"Five-and-twenty!" said the old lady, quite crossly. I had no idea time went so fast. She ought to have been married long ago; that is, if she means to marry at all."

"Pray, my dear aunt, do not put such ideas" — Mrs. Lulworth began.

"I don't intend to marry," said Cecilia, peeling an orange, and quite unmoved, and she slowly curled the rind of her orange in the air. "I think people are very stupid to marry. Look at poor Jane Simmonds; her husband beats her; Jones saw her."

"So you don't intend to marry?" said the old lady, with an odd inflection in her voice. "Young ladies were not so wisely brought up in my early days," and she gave a great sigh. "I was reading an old letter this morning from your poor father, Charles, — all about happiness, and love in a cot, and two little curly-headed boys, — Jack, you know, and yourself. I should rather like to see John again."

"What, my dear aunt, after his unparalleled audacity? I declare the thought of his impudent letter makes my blood boil," exclaimed Mrs. Lulworth.

"Does it?" said the old lady. "Cecilia, my dear, you must know that your uncle has discovered that the entail was not cut off from a certain property which my father left me, and which I brought to my husband. He has therefore written me a very business-like letter, in which he says he wishes for no alteration at present, but begs that, in the event of my making my will, I should remember this, and not complicate matters by leaving it to yourself, as had been my intention. I see nothing to offend in the request. Your mother thinks differently."

Cecilia was so amazed at being told any

thing that she only stared again, and, opening a wide mouth, popped into it such a great piece of orange, that she could not speak for some minutes.

"Cecilia has certainly attained years of discretion," said her great aunt: "she does not compromise herself by giving any opinion on matters she does not understand."

Notwithstanding her outward imperturbability, Cecilia was a little stirred and interested by this history, and by the little conversation which had preceded it. Her mother was sitting upright in her chair as usual, netting with vigorous action; her large foot outstretched, her stiff, bony hands working and jerking monotonously. Her father was dozing in his arm-chair. Old Mrs. Dormer, too, was nodding in her corner. The monotonous Maria was stitching in the lamplight. Gray and black shadows loomed all round her. The far end of the room was quite dark; the great curtains swept from their ancient cornices. Cecilia, for the first time in all her life, wondered whether she should ever live all her life in this spot, — ever go away? It seemed impossible, unnatural, that she should ever do so. Silent, dull as it was, she was used to it, and did not know what was amiss. . . .

Young Frank Lulworth the lawyer of the family — John Lulworth's eldest son — it was who had found it all out. His father wrote, that, with Mrs. Dormer's permission, he proposed coming down in a day or two to show her the papers, and to explain to her personally how the matter stood. "My son and I," said John Lulworth, "both feel that this would be far more agreeable to our feelings, and perhaps to yours, than having recourse to the usual professional intervention; for we have no desire to press our claims for the present; and we only wish, that, in the ultimate disposal of your property, you should be aware how the matter really stands. We have always been led to suppose that the estate actually in question has been long destined by you for your grand-niece, Cecilia Lulworth. I hear from our old friend, Dr. Hicks, that she is remarkably pretty and very amiable. Perhaps such vague possibilities are best unmentioned; but it has occurred to me, that in the event of a mutual understanding springing up between the young folks, — my son and your grand-niece, — the connection might be agreeable to us all, and lead to a renewal of that family intercourse which has been, to my great regret, suspended for some time past."

Old Mrs. Dormer, in her shabby Italian

handwriting, answered her nephew's letter by return of post: —

"MY DEAR NEPHEW, — I must acknowledge the receipt of your epistle of the 13th instant. By all means invite your son to pay us his proposed visit. We can then talk over business matters at our leisure, and young Francis can be introduced to his relatives. Although a long time has elapsed since we last met, believe me, my dear nephew, not unmindful of by-gone associations, and yours, very truly, always,
"C. DORMER."

The letter was in the postman's bag when old Mrs. Dormer informed Mrs. Charles of what she had done.

Frank Lulworth thought that in all his life he had never seen any thing so dismal, so silent, so neglected, as Dorlicote Park, when he drove up, a few days after, through the iron gates and along the black laurel wilderness which led to the house. The laurel branches all unpruned, untrained, were twisting savagely in and out, wreathing and interlacing one another, clutching tender shootings, wrestling with the young oak-trees and the limes. He passed by black and sombre avenues leading to mouldy temples, to crumbling summer-houses; he saw what had once been a flower-garden, now all run to seed, — wild, straggling, forlorn; a broken-down bench, a heap of hurdles lying on the ground, a field-mouse darting across the road, a desolate autumn sun shining upon all this mouldering ornament and confusion. It seemed more forlorn and melancholy by contrast somehow, coming as he did out of the loveliest country and natural sweetness into the dark and tangled wilderness within these limestone walls of Dorlicote.

The parish of Dorlicote-cum-Rockington looks prettier in the autumn than at any other time. A hundred crisp tints, jewelled rays, — grays, browns, purples, glinting golds, and silvers, — rustle and sparkle upon the branches of the nut-trees, of the bushes and thickets. Soft blue mists and purple tints rest upon the distant hills; scarlet berries glow among the brown leaves of the hedges: lovely mists fall and vanish suddenly, revealing bright and sweet autumnal sights; blackberries, stacks of corn, brown leaves crisping upon the turf, great pears hanging sweetening in the sun over the cottage lintels, cows grazing and whisking their tails, blue smoke curling from the tall farm chimneys; all is peaceful, prosperous,

golden. You can see the sea on clear days from certain knolls and hillocks. . . .

Out of all these pleasant sights young Lulworth came into this dreary splendor. He heard no sounds of life, — he saw no one. His coachman had opened the iron gate. "They don't keep no one to moind the gate," said the driver; "only tradesmen cooms to th'ouse." Even the gardener and his boy were out of the way; and when they got sight of the house at last, many of the blinds were down and shutters shut, and only two chimneys were smoking. There was some one living in the place, however, for a watch-dog who was lying asleep in his kennel woke up and gave a heart-rending howl when Frank got out and rang at the bell.

He had to wait an immense time before anybody answered, although a little page in buttons came and stared at him in blank amazement from one of the basement windows, and never moved. Through the same window, Frank could see in to the kitchen, and he was amused when a sleepy, fat cook came up behind the little page and languidly boxed his ears, and seemed to order him off the premises.

The butler, who at last answered the door, seemed utterly taken aback, — nobody had called for months past, and here was a perfect stranger taking out his card, and asking for Mrs. Dormer, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The under-butler was half-asleep in his pantry, and had not heard the door-bell. The page — the very same whose ears had been boxed — came wondering to the door, and went to ascertain whether Mrs. Dormer would see the gentleman or not.

"What a vault, what a catacomb, what an ugly old place!" thought Frank, as he waited. He heard steps far, far away; then came a long silence, and then a heavy tread slowly approaching, and the old butler beckoned to him to follow, — through a cobweb-color room, through a brown room, through a gray room, into a great, dim, drab drawing-room, where the old lady was sitting alone. She had come down her back stairs to receive him: it was years since she had left her room before dinner.

Even old ladies look kindly upon a tall, well-built, good-looking, good-humored young man. Frank's nose was a little too long, his mouth a little too straight; but he was a handsome young fellow, with a charming manner. Only, as he came up, he was somewhat shy and undecided, — he did not know exactly how to address the old lady. This was his great-aunt. He knew

nothing whatever about her, but she was very rich; she had invited him to come, and she had a kind face, he thought; should he, — ought he to embrace her? Perhaps he ought, and he made the slightest possible movement in this direction. Mrs. Dormer, divining his object, pushed him weakly away. "How do you do? No embraces, thank you. I don't care for kissing at my age. Sit down, — there, in that chair opposite, — and now tell me about your father, and all the family, and about this ridiculous discovery of yours. I don't believe a word of it."

The interview between them was long and satisfactory on the whole. The unconscious Cecilia and Miss Bowley returned that afternoon from their usual airing, and, as it happened, Cecilia said, "O Maria! I left my mittens in the drawing-room last night. I will go and fetch them." And, little thinking of what was awaiting her, she flung open the door, and marched in through the ante-room, — mushroom hat and brown veil, goloshes and dowdy gown, as usual. "What is this?" thought young Lulworth; "why, who would have supposed it was such a pretty girl?" for suddenly the figure stopped short, and a lovely, fresh face looked up in utter amazement out of the hideous disguise.

"There, don't stare, child," said the old lady. This is Francis Lulworth, a very intelligent young man who has got hold of your fortune and ruined all your chances, my dear. He wanted to embrace me just now. Francis, you may as well salute your cousin instead; she is much more of an age for such compliments," said Mrs. Dormer, waving her hand.

The impassive Cecilia, perfectly bewildered, and not in the least understanding, only turned her great, sleepy, astonished eyes upon her cousin, and stood perfectly still as if she was one of those beautiful wax-dolls one sees stuck up to be stared at. If she had been surprised before, utter consternation can scarcely convey her state of mind when young Lulworth stepped up and obeyed her aunt's behest. And, indeed, a stronger-minded person than Cecilia might have been taken aback, who had come into the drawing-room to fetch her mittens, and was met in such an astounding fashion. Frank, half laughing, half kindly, seeing that Cecilia stood quite still and stared at him, supposed it was expected, and did as he was told.

The poor girl gave one gasp of horror, and blushed for the first time, I believe, in the course of her whole existence. Bowley,

fixed and open-mouthed from the inner room, suddenly fled with a scream, which recalled Cecilia to a sense of outraged propriety; for, blushing and blinking more deeply, she at last gave three little sobs, and then, O horror! burst into tears!

"Highly-tighty! what a much ado about nothing!" said the old lady, losing her temper and feeling not a little guilty, and much alarmed as to what her niece Mrs. Lulworth might say were she to come on the scene.

"I beg your pardon. I am so very, very sorry," said the young man, quite confused and puzzled. "I ought to have known better. I frightened you. I am your cousin, you know, and really,—pray, pray excuse my stupidity," he said, looking anxiously into the fair, placid face along which the tears were coursing in two streams, like a child's.

"Such a thing never happened in all my life before," said Cecilia. "I know it is wrong to cry, but really—really—"

"Leave off crying directly miss," said her aunt, testily, "and let us have no more of this nonsense." The old lady dreaded the mother's arrival every instant. Frank, half laughing, but quite unhappy at the poor girl's distress, had taken up his hat to go that minute, not knowing what else to do.

"Ah! you're going," says old Mrs. Dormer; "no wonder. Cecilia, you have driven your cousin away by your rudeness."

"I'm not rude," sobbed Cecilia. "I can't help crying."

"The girl is a greater idiot than I took her for," cried the old lady. "She has been kept here locked up until she has not a single idea left in her silly noddle. No man of sense could endure her for five minutes. You wish to leave the place I see, and no wonder!"

"I really think," said Frank, "that under the circumstances it is the best thing I can do. Miss Lulworth, I am sure, would wish me to go."

"Certainly," said Cecilia. "Go away, pray go away. O how silly I am!"

Here was a catastrophe!

The poor old fairy was all puzzled and bewildered: her arts were powerless in this emergency. The princess had awakened, but in tears. The prince still stood by, distressed and concerned, feeling horribly guilty, and yet scarcely able to help laughing. Poor Cecilia! her aunt's reproaches had only bewildered her more and more; and for the first time in her life she was bewildered, discomposed, forgetful of

hours. It was the hour of calisthenics; but Miss Lulworth forgot everything that might have been expected from a young lady of her admirable bringing-up.

Fairy tales are never very long, and this one ought to come to an end. The princess was awake now; her simplicity and beauty touched the young prince, who did not, I think, really intend to go, though he took up his hat.

Certainly the story would not be worth the telling if they had not been married soon after, and lived happily all the rest of their lives.

It is not in fairy tales only that things fall out as one could wish, and, indeed, H. and T. agreed the other night that fairies, although invisible, had not entirely vanished out of the land.

It is certainly like a fairy transformation to see Cecilia nowadays in her own home with her children and husband about her. Bright, merry, full of sympathy and interest, she seems to grow prettier every minute.

When Frank fell in love with her and proposed, old Mrs. Dormer insisted upon instantly giving up the Dorlicote Farm for the young people to live in. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lulworth are obliged to live in London, but they go there every summer with their children; and for some years after her marriage, Cecilia's godmother, who took the opportunity of the wedding to break through many of her reclusive habits, used to come and see her every day in a magnificent yellow chariot.

Some day I may perhaps tell you more about the fairies and enchanting princesses of my acquaintance.

From *Warne's Christmas Annual*

DR. WRIGHTSON'S ENEMY.

BY THE HON. ELEANOR EDEN

FOR the last thirty years, Dr. Wrightson had been the sole medical adviser of the little town of Oakhampton, and he was still a hale, hearty, jovial, stout gentleman, of about sixty years of age.

Dr. Wrightson lived in the High Street, in a long, low, white house, which never failed to look as clean and bright as if it had been thoroughly done up all over the previous week. A large brass plate (apparently fresh from the foundry) announced in

large letters to every passer-by that this was the abode of Dr. Wrightson. To the left of the white house stood the surgery, which was marked by a glaring red lamp and several bells, and over this surgery presided a helpless and timid young man named Titmas, the doctor's only assistant.

Many wondered how it was that Dr. Wrightson did not engage a partner in his business; but that gentleman invariably turned a deaf ear to all hints of this nature. He was strong and well, he said, and able to do his work himself without any help at present. There would be time enough to talk about a partner when he grew to be an old man. The real fact of the matter was, that Dr. Wrightson could not bear to admit "a rival near his throne." He was fond of his profession, proud of his reputation in it, and very jealous of every other practitioner. A partner would have driven him distracted; and I doubt if he would ever have allowed him to feel a single pulse, or to have sent so much as a black draught out of the dispensary, without his express permission.

Besides this, Dr. Wrightson had another reason for wishing to keep all the practice of Oakhampton in his own hands. The doctor had a daughter — his only child, and the very apple of his eye. To make, or save a fortune for Fanny was the first great object of Dr. Wrightson's life, his one daily anxiety; and in this task the worthy doctor found an able and willing coadjutor in his sister Penelope, who shared all his hopes and fears, and seconded his endeavours to make a handsome provision for pretty Fanny. A partner would necessarily have been very much in the way of this project. If he did half the work, he would also have divided the profits, and that would by no means have suited Dr. Wrightson's purposes; and, in short, a partner, or even an assistant above the calibre of the inoffensive Titmas, who had not two ideas in his head, would have caused Dr. Wrightson tortures of jealousy and uneasiness.

Fanny Wrightson had been carefully brought up at a first-class boarding-school; for her mother died when she was a very little child, and Aunt Penny, who then came to take charge of her brother's establishment, though an excellent housekeeper, was scarcely equal to the responsibility of undertaking the education of her niece. The day she was seventeen, Fanny returned to Oakhampton as a "finished" young lady, with a variety of rather useless accomplishments, and a very slender stock of common sense.

Fanny had, moreover, a fine taste for romance, which seemed to be in some danger of fading away from pure inanition at Oakhampton, when an event occurred which startled the whole Wrightson Family from their usual equanimity, and raised a storm of conflicting emotions in the heart of pretty Fanny.

"What do you think? what will you say? what is to be done?" exclaimed Miss Wrightson, as she entered her brother's room in an excited manner one afternoon just before dinner-time.

"Well, Penelope, what's the matter now? Is the house on fire, or are there burglars in the cellar, or what?" asked Dr. Wrightson, quietly looking up from a medical journal which he was perusing with deep attention.

"No, no, brother! but something quite as bad. That old house in Church Street is taken, and by whom, do you think? By a medical man! There! His name is Peirce — Montague Peirce — and they are coming in at Lady Day."

"The deuce they are!" cried Dr. Wrightson, throwing down his journal with a bang! "much good may it do them! I flatter myself the poor man may go back where he came from without having done me much injury. I have not lived in Oakhampton all these years without being able to hold my own against any impertinent upstart in the kingdom; and so you may tell him, if you see him, with my compliments — my most respectful compliments. Ha, ha, ha! a pretty joke, indeed. Poor Mr. Montague Peirce! I am sorry for him. His prospects are not very lively, poor fellow! Eh? Fanny, my dear, what have you got to say about it?"

"I say it's a horrid, wicked shame," replied Fanny, throwing her long curls over her shoulders, "and I quite hate this Mr. Montague Peirce already. What business has he to come poking his nose into Oakhampton, of all places? as if anybody would ever think of sending for him when they could get my dear old darling papa to attend them. The idea of such a thing! But never mind, Aunt Penny, perhaps Mr. Peirce will take some of the poor people who can't pay, off papa's hands; and then he will have more time to spare for us at home."

"Bless the child! that's not a bad idea," said Dr. Wrightson. "So we'll let him have some of the very poor people, shall we? Yes, yes! so he shall. Excellent practice for a rising man. Give him confidence and experience, won't it? We'll hope, though

the poor fellow has not a large family to support, or else that he has some private means of his own. He won't live in that house for nothing, I can tell him."

"The rent alone is sixty pounds a year," remarked Miss Wrightson; "and the garden is being thoroughly set in order, Mudge tells me. Mudge has been employed to do many little odd jobs about the house, and I met him coming out of it just now. Mudge hears Mr. Peirce is a single man—quite a young man—but has his mother living with him. He was doing well in London, and was reckoned very clever there, so the servants told Mudge; but the air did not suit the old lady, and so they have come to settle in the country. I can't think who ever can have advised them to come to Oakhampton, of all places."

"Some ignorant busybody who did not know what he was about, you may depend upon it," said Dr. Wrightson. "Now, let's go to dinner, Penny."

"It's not as if you were ever ill, you know, or unable to attend to your duties," continued Miss Penelope, as she walked into the dining-room, "or as if, when you did go away for a day or two, you could not get Mr. Halliday, from Littleton, to come and look after your patients. It's such a ridiculous thing of a young man to come down from London, and try to cut you out at Oakhampton, brother."

"It merely evinces great folly and presumption on the part of the young man, my dear Penny, and so we'll say no more about the matter."

But from that day forward the favourite topic in the Wrightson Family was the last enormity committed by Mr. Montague Peirce.

"I saw that fellow's trap standing at Hornibrook's door," Dr. Wrightson would suddenly observe; "that fellow" being the very mildest designation that was ever bestowed on Mr. Peirce.

"Oh, yes! I dare say you did. The man makes free with everybody, I hear," Miss Wrightson would reply indignantly. "He goes and pays people long visits, and bores them to death, I've no doubt, and then hopes all the town will take it for granted that he is attending them."

It was very disagreeable for poor Dr. Wrightson, when he drove through the streets in his neat, respectable, blue brougham, to meet this young Peirce dashing past in his light, smart-looking dog-cart, drawn by a big chestnut horse; and it was most unpleasant for the whole family to go to church every Sunday, knowing they were

liable to be jostled against "those Peirces" in the aisle.

Miss Penelope declared she could hardly bear to walk down the street, lest she should meet her adversaries; and as for Fanny, she could not think how it happened, but she never went near the windows without seeing the "dreadful man" pass by. It was curious, that, under these painful circumstances Fanny should spend the greater part of her time in looking out of the window. To be sure, Mr. Peirce was as good-looking and pleasant a young man as could be met with on a summer's day, and the old lady, his mother, was quite a picture in her rich black silks; but the Wrightsons insisted upon considering the Peirces as their mortal enemies, and would not listen to a word in their favour.

The rest of the inhabitants of Oakhampton were naturally less rancorous against the intruders. The Peirces were not likely to injure them in any way. Mr. Priestley, the rector, his wife, and daughters, of course, called on Mrs. Peirce, and pronounced her to be a very lady-like, well-informed, agreeable person. The Pentelows, and the Fanthoms, and the Hornibrooks, and the Goslings, and old Mr. Lillywhite, thought it incumbent upon them to follow the example of the Rector, and it was soon rumoured that the Peirces were not unlikely to prove a great addition to the society of Oakhampton. Young men were scarce articles in that locality, and Mr. Peirce, not having too much to do, entered with great zest into the cricket matches, and the croquet-parties, of the neighbourhood.

Besides, Oakhampton was a place that was improving rapidly. That is to say, a railroad had lately run through the town, and, in consequence, fresh villas, streets, terraces, and squares, were rising up in every direction. Quite a new population had been formed during the last few years, and many of these new comers, who had not known Dr. Wrightson from their cradles upwards, rejoiced in the advent of the new doctor, and determined to patronise Mr. Peirce from London at once. There were, indeed, other persons in Oakhampton, old inhabitants who should have known better, but who were so perverse and ill-judging as to prefer the treatment of Mr. Peirce to that of Dr. Wrightson, who was by this disaffected party termed "a twaddling old woman." Others, again, there were, who had been affronted occasionally, when, on sending for Dr. Wrightson himself, they had been put off with "that stupid creature, Titmas," who never seemed to

know what he was about; and these now gladly employed the rival practitioner. With the best intentions, poor Dr. Wrightson could not possibly make himself ubiquitous, or attend to fifty patients at once. Thus it happened one unlucky day, when Dr. Wrightson had been to pay a visit to his old and faithful ally, Lady Cardozo, who lived about five miles from Oakhampton, that Mrs. Pankhurst's little girl took the opportunity of swallowing a pin, which stuck in her throat, and frightened the whole Pankhurst family into fits. As the case was one quite beyond the powers of poor Titmas, Mr. Peirce was called in, and extracted the pin with so much promptitude and skill that Mrs. Pankhurst was delighted with him, and asked him to prescribe for her own nervous affections at the same time, and also, to call the next day and see how the child was going on. It is true that Mr. Pankhurst (as in honour bound) called on Dr. Wrightson immediately, and explained to him fully all the circumstances of the case, but that headstrong and unreasonable old gentleman could not be induced to see the thing at all in its proper light. He looked annoyed and huffy, and remarked in his most caustic manner, "that if Mr. and Mrs. Pankhurst were satisfied with the attendance of Mr. Peirce, that was all that could be desired." Dr. Wrightson had not the slightest wish to interfere, and thought Mr. Pankhurst could not do better than secure the services of the young man altogether. Having been so successful in his treatment of Miss Pankhurst, he would doubtless continue to give advice to the rest of the family. Perhaps when Dr. Wrightson said this, he never expected to be taken at his word; but it did so happen that the very next week the whole of the little Pankhursts (eight in number) were seized, in regular rotation, with the scarlatina, and Mr. Peirce was in regular attendance at Pankhurst Park for the next three months. This was a terrible blow to Dr. Wrightson, for Pankhurst Park was one of the most profitable households in the neighbourhood; and the Pankhursts were rich, influential people, and kept a good deal of company; and of course Mrs. Pankhurst went about in her usual idiotic manner, recommending Mr. Peirce as the most wonderful man of the age, and the only doctor worth consulting in the county.

Still Dr. Wrightson and his sister shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, and repeated "that fellow would be found out before long." Now, it so happened that the garden of Dr. Wrightson's house

in High Street stood at right angles with the garden of Mr. Peirce's house in Church Street, and at a certain point, the walls met. Fanny Wrightson's bed-room window commanded an excellent view of the Peirce's garden, and it was a never-failing source of interest to watch the proceedings of the Peirce family. She was anxious to see what "the enemy" did, when he was at home, and she soon contrived to make herself complete mistress of his movements, and became intimately acquainted with his habits and customs. He was very kind and attentive to his mother, that was certain, and apparently he was good to his servants and spoke civilly to them. They looked as if they had a great regard for him; even the fat, lazy, old tabby cat loved him and followed him about, and jumped upon his shoulder whenever she could get the opportunity. Fanny could not help rather taking a fancy to that old cat of the Peirces, and when she got over the wall into the Wrightsons' garden, Fanny was actually guilty of giving her some milk sometimes when her aunt was out.

It was about this time that Fanny took violently to the study of Shakespeare. "Romeo and Juliet" was her favourite play. What sweet passages there were in "Romeo and Juliet!" Nothing could be more striking, for instance, than that part where Juliet exclaims—

Oh, Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

And how affecting were the lines—

"My only love sprung from my only hate,
Too early seen unknown; and known too
late,
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy."

But nothing would induce either Dr. Wrightson or his sister to allow the poor Peirces any quarter. He was an interloper and an adversary of the most aggressive nature. If Mr. Peirce happening to meet Dr. Wrightson in the street, should, in the innocence of his heart, take off his hat in passing, the old gentleman would turn his head the other way and pretend not to see him, or would coldly return the greeting with a gesture of intense disgust.

When Miss Wrightson and Mrs. Peirce met at the house of some mutual acquaintance, as was not unfrequently the case, the spinster would draw herself up, tuck in her chin, and curtsy in her stiffest manner to the widow, and declining all conversa-

tion, would sniff alarmingly during the whole period that Mrs. Peirce remained in the room. Neither the doctor nor his sister scrupled to express the utmost solicitude for all Mr. Peirce's patients. They feared any sick person ran a very poor chance who had Peirce for their medical attendant, and they did not hesitate to say that rather than be left to the mercy of "that inexperienced, conceited young fool," they would prefer being in the hands of Mr. Tumas himself.

In spite of all they thought, said, and looked, however, Mr. Peirce's practice increased daily. The farmers and their families flocked to his door on market days, for "the young man from London" had performed some almost miraculous cures, it was stoutly averred. Then many of the tradespeople thought it fair to give "young Peirce" a turn now and then, and his reputation spread to the servants of some great families in the neighbourhood. Old Lady Cardozo's own maid actually refused to consult Dr. Wrightson about her digestion, and announced boldly "that Mr. Peirce had done such wonders for her cousin, Mrs. Hogsflesh, the butcher's wife, in a similar case, that rather than not have the benefit of his advice, she would walk all the way into Oakhampton on her own legs; and pay him for it out of her own money." And so good an effect had Mr. Peirce's medicine upon the malady of Mrs. Milliken, that the good woman entreated her mistress to try just one bottle of it, for her ladyship suffered sadly from precisely the same symptoms as Mrs. Hogsflesh. The dose, taken surreptitiously and in great fear and trembling by old Lady Cardozo, was most efficacious, and though she was too loyal to her old friend to desert Dr. Wrightson altogether, still Lady Cardozo sent Mrs. Milliken constantly into Oakhampton on secret embassies to Mr. Peirce for further supplies of his very excellent remedy for a weak digestion.

And so the autumn slipped away, and the trees grew bare, and the winds howled, and the damp, chilly fogs of November fell upon the little town of Oakhampton, and the more Fanny saw of her father's enemy, the less it became in her power to hate him, as she felt a good and dutiful daughter should do. This made her very unhappy at times.

Lectures on scientific subjects were quite an annual institution in Oakhampton during the long winter evenings. Fanny Wrightson had always been a very regular attendant at these lectures, not that she

understood what they were about, the least in the world, or that she came home a bit wiser than she went out, but the lectures offered some excuse for a very mild kind of dissipation, and Fanny's life was a monotonous one. This year Fanny was more devoted than ever to the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," for Mrs. Peirce and her son were sure to be at the Athenæum, and it sometimes happened (Fanny declared she never knew how) that she found herself seated next to the Peirces, and then Mr. Peirce would very good-naturedly explain to her every thing that she could not understand, and would make the most abstruse subjects as simple to her as A B C.

Dr. Wrightson never went to lectures. He was too tired of an evening, even if he had no patients to visit, and he was glad to take his "forty winks" in his arm-chair by the fire. Aunt Penny was too much afraid of risking a bad cold to stir out after dark, and so Fanny was duly called for every Thursday evening at half-past seven, by her neighbours, the Pentelows, who also left her again at her own door about ten o'clock; and when she returned, Dr. and Miss Wrightson were too sleepy to ask many questions, or to make any stringent inquiries as to Fanny's adventures. She thought it was not worth while to wake them up and make them uncomfortable by telling them about the Peirces, and I have no doubt that if they gave the matter a moment's thought, they took it for granted that Fanny invariably sat between her friends, Eliza and Harriet Pentelow.

It chanced, however, one Thursday morning that Dr. Wrightson descried in a shop window a notice, stating that Montague Peirce, Esq., was to deliver a lecture on chemistry at the Athenæum that evening, and he instantly came home, in great wrath and indignation, to forbid Fanny or any of his household to attend the lecture, as usual, on pain of his heavy displeasure. Not any member of his family, he declared, should "encourage the man to make a Tom-fool of himself by giving lectures."

In vain Fanny remonstrated and entreated and coaxed her father to let her go, that once. Dr. Wrightson was inexorable, till his pretty little daughter in despair burst into tears, and then Aunt Penny interfered, and assured her father that he had better say no more about it. "Fanny was moped to death at home, and after all, it would be amusing to hear what a mess the young idiot made of his lecturing, and how he would be the laughing-stock of the

place, with his absurd conceit and presumption." So Fanny at length obtained a reluctant consent. It was raining hard when the Pentelows called for her, but Fanny did not care for that. Wrapped in her large waterproof cloak, she tripped along the muddy streets to the Athenæum, feeling very proud and very happy, and firmly convinced that if she had been forced to stay at home her heart must have broken at once. Mrs. Peirce saw her as she entered, and made her a sign to come and sit by her, and the old lady was so good and kind as to confide to Fanny her nervous fears for "Monty," though, at the same time, she was quite sure his would be the best lecture of the season. And such was soon the opinion of everybody in the room. Mr. Peirce had so fine a voice, so happy a delivery, and such a thorough knowledge of his subject, that the attention of the audience was attracted, even by the first few sentences.

Mrs. Peirce and Fanny were gratified to their hearts' content by the acclamations of applause which greeted the close of the lecture.

The evening wound up with some amusing experiments with laughing gas by which several school-boys and a shopman or two were thrown into convulsions of laughter. This proved so catching, that the whole room was soon in an uproar of merriment, and the audience clapped and screamed, and stamped and cheered, till the whole street resounded with the sounds of their mirth. At the very height of this confusion, a rough, dirty-looking man was observed to press hastily through the crowded hall, towards the platform. His eager looks and evident anxiety caught the attention of the lecturer, and he instantly went forward to meet him.

After speaking to the man for a moment, Mr. Peirce's countenance changed to an expression of the deepest concern and alarm. He whispered a few words to his mother, and immediately left the room.

"What is it? What has happened? Is any body ill?" inquired Fanny of Mrs. Peirce.

"My poor child," said the old lady, putting her arm round Fanny's waist affectionately, "something very terrible has happened. I hardly know how to tell you that your father has met with a sad accident. Can you bear it bravely? They say it is now freezing very hard out of doors, and the streets are slippery. It seems Dr. Wrightson, on his way to see a patient, has fallen down and hurt himself severely.

They have sent for Montague. Let us try to slip quietly out at that side door, and we shall be at home as soon as they are."

It was quite true, that the rain had soon turned to sleet, and the sleet had frozen as it fell, and the streets were a perfect sheet of glass, in which the houses were reflected as in a mirror.

Dr. Wrightson had been sent for to a sick person, and in picking his way cautiously along the pavement, he had been suddenly startled, just as he passed the Athenæum, by the shouts of laughter and applause that issued from its partly-opened doors. In his astonishment and irritation at these unexpected sounds, the Doctor made a false step, his foot slipped from under him, and he fell, with his head on the kerb-stone and his leg doubled under him; and there he lay, stunned and helpless, till some working-men passing by, ran to his assistance.

Seeing he was perfectly unconscious, the men fancied he was dead, and this was the report that one of them carried to Mr. Peirce.

When Fanny and Mrs. Peirce made their way into the street, they found that it was hardly possible to walk without falling. No horse could keep its footing at all, and people were slipping and sliding about in every direction. It was with considerable difficulty that the two ladies reached Dr. Wrightson's door in safety, and there they were met by a melancholy cavalcade. The good old Doctor lay on a shutter, borne by half-a-dozen strong men, and was followed by a crowd of sorrowing friends. At the head of the procession walked the Rector and Mr. Peirce.

At the surgery-door appeared Mr. Titmas, frightened at the tramping of so many feet, who, when he learnt what had occurred, speedily lost the little stock of presence of mind he had ever possessed, and collapsed altogether into a state of helpless imbecility.

Miss Wrightson, who was summoned down-stairs by the shrieks of the parlour-maid, instantly fainted dead away, in the front hall, just as the lifeless form of her brother was brought into the house.

Nobody seemed to have any presence of mind but poor little Fanny, who stood there, pale and trembling to be sure, but quite ready to obey Mr. Peirce's directions, and to make herself useful in every possible way. Under Mrs. Peirce's superintendence a bed was soon prepared for Dr. Wrightson, in his own study; splints and bandages were procured from the surgery, and Mr.

Peirce proceeded to examine the injuries sustained by the poor gentleman.

His head was badly cut, but it was hoped that no great harm was done in that quarter; his right leg, however had sustained a compound fracture, and he seemed much bruised and shaken by his fall. Mr. Priestley strove to help Mr. Peirce, Mr. Titmas being quite incapable of being of the slightest use to anybody, and Mrs. Peirce proved herself to be a most valuable and experienced nurse. As soon as Miss Wrightson was restored to her senses, she sat crying and rocking herself backwards and forwards, in a corner of the room, declaring that her brother was dying, and that she should not long survive him, while Fanny knelt by her father's bedside, patiently watching the proceedings of Mr. Peirce and his mother, and waiting upon them in a quiet, unobtrusive way, which raised her very much in their opinion.

The first words spoken by Dr. Wrightson, were, "Send for Halliday immediately. I don't know what has happened; but it seems to me, I am ill, and Titmas is no better than a fool. But don't send for that fellow Peirce, whatever you do. D'ye hear? all of you. I tell you I won't have the man in my house as long as I am left alive to be the master of it."

"Ahem! my good friend," began the Rector, gently clearing his throat, "it is not possible to send to Littleton to-night; the roads are quite impassable. You have had the misfortune to slip down yourself, and your leg has been broken. It is now set, and will, we trust, under the blessing of providence, be ere long restored to use."

"Nonsense! Don't tell me," cried the Doctor, angrily, "Halliday must and shall be sent for. He will come directly he knows I am ill. My leg shall not be set till Halliday comes. Let no one dare to meddle with it."

"Oh! my dear, dear father," said Fanny, throwing her arms round him, "do be good and let Mr. Peirce doctor your leg; it will soon be better, if you will only lie still and be patient. For the sake of your poor little Fanny, do let Mr. Peirce stay with you now. Oh! Mr. Peirce, please don't mind what he says. Don't let papa send you away. If he should say any thing a little rude you won't listen to him, will you? I think he is so ill he scarcely knows what he says. Dear Mrs. Peirce, pray ask your son to stay here, whatever papa may say against it."

"Nothing will induce me to leave him, as

long as I can be of the slightest use to him, Miss Fanny, you may depend upon that," said Mr. Peirce, firmly.

In the meantime, Dr. Wrightson tried to move, but fell back with a moan, and shut his eyes again. His face was quite contracted with pain.

"Calm yourself, dear sir," began Mr. Priestley once more. "Consider that your system has sustained a severe shock. You cannot keep your mind too quiet. Leave every thing to us, and try to sleep. Let me entreat you to lie still, and trust yourself to the kind care of my very excellent young friend here, and his good mother. Believe me, you could not possibly be in better hands."

"My patients! what will become of my patients?" groaned Dr. Wrightson presently. "That fellow will inveigle away every patient I have. If I lose my practice in Oakhampton, I am a ruined man this night. I am too old to go away and begin life afresh elsewhere. You will be left a beggar, my poor child, if I lose my patients here."

"If you would allow me, Dr. Wrightson, to act as your assistant, till you are able to make some arrangement with your friend Mr. Halliday, I can only say I should be most happy to do so," said Mr. Peirce. "I would, of course, work strictly under your directions, and follow out your wishes in every respect; and I would take care to make it understood that I was only taking your place for the time being. There! now will you consent to go to sleep with an easy conscience?"

Dr. Wrightson did not answer for some minutes, then suddenly holding out his hand to Mr. Peirce, he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, —

"I am at your mercy, sir: I shall lie here for many a long week to come, and maybe I shall never again be the man I was. There is a fine opening in Oakhampton, sir, for a rising young man now. You had better take advantage of it. I am not able to help myself."

"Thank you, Dr. Wrightson; then you will let me have my own way," said Mr. Peirce, quietly; "and you will consider me as your junior partner till you are quite strong and well again. Nay, if you have any scruples about the matter, you shall pay me, just as you do my friend Titmas — there need be no obligations between us. And by the by, to begin with, where were you bound to this evening? I had better just run round there at once, and when I return I shall hope to find you quite comfort-

able and fast asleep. My mother will remain here to-night: she is a capital nurse." And the young doctor, feeling amply repaid for his services by a look of intense gratitude from Fanny, retired to get his instructions from Mr. Titmas.

The next day the snow fell fast and lay thick on the ground. All communication between Oakhampton and Littleton was entirely cut off for more than a week. No Mr. Halliday could by any possibility come over to attend to the medical requirements of Oakhampton. Mr. Peirce, however, cheerfully trudged about in his great jack boots, though he was often up to his waist in the snow, and he never failed faithfully to report progress to Dr. Wrightson of all his patients, humouring the old gentleman by invariably asking his advice and opinion, though, perhaps, he did not always follow it very implicitly.

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Halliday, with some difficulty, made his way to the bedside of his old friend, and expressed himself highly delighted with the progress Dr. Wrightson had made. Nothing could have been more judicious, he declared, than Mr. Peirce's mode of treatment. The leg was going on marvellously well, and though it would naturally be a tedious process at the doctor's age, still the bones were knitting famously already. Dr. Wrightson was most fortunate at such a moment to fall into such skilful hands. "There was not one man in a dozen who could have made so neat a job of such a case." So said Mr. Halliday emphatically.

"Ah," sighed Dr. Wrightson; "it's all very well, but I'm done for, Halliday. I have had a great shake; I shall never be fit for much work again after this. I never was ill before in my life, and at my age one can't stand this sort of thing. My poor child here will suffer for it. I ought to have looked out for a partner before this, and have got a good round sum down, for a share in the business. Now it is simply worth nothing at all. That young fellow Peirce has got hold of all my patients. They seem to take a fancy to him, and no partner of mine will have a chance against him. But he's a clever dog, and knows what he is about; I must say that for him."

"Then, in the name of goodness, why not make him your partner, Wrightson? It is quite out of the question that I should come over from Littleton to look after your patients, and so I tell you plainly. I could not undertake it. Why not get this young Peirce now, to put his money in with yours,

and save you all the hard work? That will be your plan, depend upon it. You will then have Oakhampton entirely in your own hands, and carry all before you."

"That's what they all say," replied Dr. Wrightson; "but the man would not be such a fool as to consent to it, when he can get all my connexion away from me for nothing, if he chooses to try. The ladies are all for him; he is popular enough here already. They are tired of me. I am old and worn out, and past my work now, and Peirce is the man to suit them henceforth in Oakhampton. I can see it plainer every day."

"Oh, papa! dear papa! pray don't talk in that dreadful way," cried Fanny, who was in the room: "Mr. Peirce is only anxious to work for you, and be of use to you, till you are better. I assure you he would gladly be your partner, or do any thing to make you happy and comfortable. Indeed, and indeed, papa, you may believe me when I tell you this."

"Bless my heart alive! Fanny, how do you know what Peirce wants? Why, Fanny, child, what's all this mean, eh? How the girl colours, and how guilty she looks, a little minx! Come, child, tell me what makes you think Peirce would like to be my partner instead of my rival? I should like to know."

"Here is Mr. Peirce, ask him," replied Fanny, hiding her blushing face behind the red moreen curtains of her father's bed.

"My object, sir, is not so much to be your partner as your son," said Mr. Peirce, coming forward boldly. "If I can combine the two relations, I shall indeed esteem myself a fortunate man. Will you let me help you to work for our dear Fanny? I do not think you can be more devoted to her interests than I am. Let me see. Suppose we say a share in your practice would be worth fifteen hundred pounds—I have that sum lying idle at my banker's at this moment. It shall be paid into your account as soon as you please. Then I am not entirely without private means. My father left me an income of about eight hundred a year. Will you come to terms and give me Fanny's hand into the bargain?"

"What! so you've got possession of her heart safe enough, I'll warrant me, you young rogue, and I have not a word to say for myself. I'm fairly conquered; you've won the day. Fanny, where are you? To go and play such a trick to your poor old bed-ridden father! Eh! are you not ashamed of yourself, miss?"

"No, papa, not a bit!" said Fanny; com-

ing out of her concealment behind the curtain; "and you have nobody but yourself to thank for it, after all; for if you had not abused poor Montague from morning till night, I dare say I should never have thought of him twice, or troubled my head about him in any way. As it was"—

"You never thought of anybody else I may venture to hope, and I am duly grateful to your father for it," added Mr. Peirce confidently.

"Well, well, well! Have it your own way. I am a poor, broken-down, useless, helpless, old man; but I did not think my own daughter would have gone over to the enemy. When there are traitors in the camp, I've nothing for it but to surrender at discretion. Make your own terms—give me no quarter—I've deserved it all for being a wicked, jealous, uncharitable, ill-natured old brute. You've heaped coals of fire enough on my head, Peirce, if that's any consolation to you."

"To-morrow is Christmas Day," said Fanny, gently taking her father's hand, and putting it into that of her lover. "Now, father dear, promise me you will never have any more enemies as long as you live, which we hope will be very, very long, now you have Montague to take all the hard work off your hands. In Oakhampton, at least, let us always have in future 'Peace and good-will towards men.'"

From the London Review

A SERMON-METER.

THE Royal family of England has for several generations been distinguished by its preference of the concrete to the symbolic. The present heir-apparent to the throne, as befits the prospective sovereign of a practical country like ours, has hitherto, as we know, betrayed a prudent distaste to illusory idealisms. He has, indeed, shown himself an occasional patron of the drama; but any decided participation in æsthetic pursuits he has wisely avoided, so as neither on the one hand to win the invidious reputation now possessed by the young King of Bavaria, nor, on the other hand, to endanger the free spirit of England in matters of art by binding her with what Georges Sand calls "*la chaîne dorée du dilettantisme royal*." The Prince's illustrious mother, however, has just been provoked into exhibiting a little piece of Royal sarcasm, for

which we are devoutly grateful to her. Her Majesty, not wishing to assert her personal prerogative in Church matters in order to insure her—and her subjects'—comfort, has been graciously pleased to administer a symbolic rebuff to the too long-winded preachers of England. A sand-glass of the measure of eighteen minutes has, we learn, been fixed in the pulpit of her Chapel Royal, Savoy. We have no means whatever of knowing the reasons which induced her Majesty to perform an act for which all her subjects will thank her. We are sure that Dr. Macleod is too good a courtier to be prolix, even were he in the habit of preaching long sermons from his customary pulpit in "the Barony"—which he is not. It is clear, however, that the Queen was studying the general comfort of her people when she administered this significant hint. Her Majesty never goes personally to her Royal Chapel, Savoy; and it is not to be supposed that her solicitude was awakened solely for the necessarily small congregation which meets in that out-of-the-world corner of London. Nor can we suppose that any one of her Ministers dared to suggest the subject; for, after all, a Bill for the better regulation of insufferable sermons would be difficult to pass through Parliament, while an official Royal edict would be looked upon as an effort in paternal government smacking of anachronism. We must conclude that the groans of her people have latterly been so loud as to reach the Queen's ear, and that her Majesty, obeying the promptings of that compassionate benevolence which has so signally marked her reign, responded to the call, and took her own way of redressing the grievances complained of.

The parable is easy of interpretation. There can be no mistake about its application. That slender glass is the Nathan's finger which points to every person who has sinned in the matter of long sermons, and the trickling of the sand is the voice which says, "Thou art the man." Clearly this is the fortieth article of the Church of England, that eighteen minutes shall be the maximum duration of all sermons. As the minimum is left unrepresented, we are left to conclude that it must be described by a cipher; so that, in the case of an unusually dull country clergyman, his parishioners may have Royal authority for requesting him to discontinue his weekly moral essay altogether. Let this once be known, and there will be a sound of jubilation in the land. There are hid away in lonely country districts many thousands of people

whose chief delight in life is to go to church — prompted by their religious feelings, or by the wish to obtain a little innocent excitement, or by a sense of duty, or by a desire of seeing their friends. Is it not too bad that these well-meaning people should be compelled by clerical law to listen to the unspeakable drowsiness of a man who is an excellent pastor out of doors, a worthy gentleman at his own table, and a profound authority in Saxon bones, but who is intellectually a son of Belial? Now her Majesty, by fixing up this glass in her own chapel, has introduced a measure of toleration which should be applied universally. That is to say, the parishioners of any given church should have the right of ordering and erecting their own sand-glass, of such capacity as they deem advisable. The practice might introduce an ungodly element of satire into church-regulations; but, after all, its use would be invaluable. It would give those people, who are just now frightened away from the beautiful service of the Church of England by the risk of having to listen to half an hour's duration of intolerable insipidity, a chance of altering this disposition of matters by securing a majority of their fellow-parishioners, and effecting the desired change. A sand-glass of five minutes, in one or two churches we could name, would be amply sufficient to allow the clergyman full time to state all the original or even semi-original thoughts he could bring to bear on his subject. A better plan, however, would be to have a series of glasses, so that the clergyman, as he improved, might be allowed a little license. The sand-glasses would then resemble the apparatus which is used to test the strength of the lungs; a higher figure being marked when the operator makes a more powerful effort. When at all apt to become lazy or indolent, the sliding scale of glasses would gently fall and secure his hearers from the otherwise obvious consequences. There is another class of persons whom the use of the sermon-meter may affect; and in this case the results of the new invention are less to be extolled. We refer to the ingenious gentlemen who weekly manufacture discourses for country clergymen, and transmit these compositions in duplicate to their various customers. If sermons are to be cut short, this important branch of trade must necessarily suffer. Condensation, we should fancy, would not be difficult in this art of sermon-writing; but if the stuff produced is sold by the page, as we believe it is, it follows that while the sermon may be better, the writer may get

less for it. We should be inclined to advocate the case of writers likely to be injured in this way as persons eligible for a Royal pension.

But why should this ingenious method of conveying a hint be employed for the benefit of clergymen alone? There are a hundred different places in which it would be used as effectively as in a church. We are aware of the danger we run in suggesting a few of such opportunities; but her Majesty's example emboldens us. Why, for instance, at Royal drawing-rooms should there not be a dummy placed in a corner, whose lowness of dress should fix the line beneath which no lady should be *decolletée*? Another dummy might be introduced to represent a frowsy old woman, heavily laden with rouge, and burdened with unpaid-for jewelry — the legend running round the foot of her dress informing the passer-by that "this style is not suitable for any person under sixty." In fact, a series of similar figures might be arranged round the chief drawing-room, showing "perfection by colours," "the result of stimulants on girls of nineteen," and so forth. Her Majesty would also do much good to the British drama by causing to be hung in a conspicuous part of every "green-room" in London a small treatise published some time ago on "The Letter II," that "her Majesty's servants" in the various theatres might be tempted to revive the use of the almost obsolete aspirate. There might be hung up on the Grand Stand at Epsom a small portfolio filled with return tickets, bearing on the outside the inscription, "For all gentlemen who have sick wives at home. To be used immediately." An adulation-meter might be published for the general good of modern critics, defining the temperature at which Brown, Jones, and Robinson, become greater poets than Shakespeare, the mental atmosphere in which the same adjectives are applied to Mrs. Siddons and to the chambermaid of a provincial theatre, and the pecuniary conditions under which it is impossible to discover the difference between Ben Jonson and the author of the last new farce. Looking-glasses for the gentlemen who insist upon identifying man as an advanced ape and are eager for proof; descriptive guides to Botany Bay for the gentlemen who perform sleight-of-hand tricks with railway shares, and a few such delicate attentions would really be of immense service to the nation. It is not possible that her Majesty can do all this herself, nor should we be so audacious as to hope for such a thing; but since

her Royal example shows us how to cure abuses by means of satire, we doubt not her loyal people will continue her effort, and profit by their own attempts. Whether these reformations come sooner or later, however, we trust to see an immediate step being taken to shorten sermons. If this should take place, the little chapel in Savoy will henceforth have an historical and legendary interest in the eyes of a benefited and thankful people.

From The Examiner, 16th Nov.

PRINCE GORTZCHAKOFF.

PRINCE Alexander Gortzchakoff is at the present time the most prominent, and perhaps, on the whole, the most popular man in Russia. In saying so much, however, we must remember that the popularity of any one else in that despotic country would be allowed only a very faint echo indeed; and therefore the name of a Prime Minister, industriously and exclusively praised by every journal in the empire, has rather a better chance of celebrity than those of other people. The Prince, however, is a very favourable specimen of his class. It is not a very high or intelligent class, but such as it is he represents it very fairly. It could by no means be represented by an Englishman, however narrow and confined might be his views of political economy. A Frenchman would, perhaps, have a better chance; but he would break down when he came to invest his language with any precise meaning, and to try to preserve some order and arrangement in his public acts. A German would be hopelessly wrong, anything in the shape of abstract philosophy applied to Russian government being very many generations ahead as yet.

Prince Gortzchakoff is pre-eminently Russian, or nothing. He is like the rest of his countrymen, all outside, a loud sounding, bombastic man, in mind and manner. In his secret heart he has probably often felt rather ashamed of himself in the presence of sensible and well-conditioned foreigners; but no man would ever divine this from his appearance or behaviour. His words are all superlatives; and he never uses any so long, or so imposing, as when he desires to impress upon his hearers the importance of the empire whose destinies are confided to him, and how wonderful a man he must be

to preside over them. The fact is, of course, that he lives in an atmosphere so loaded with incense, that there can be no wonder it has turned his head; and those who remember the quiet humility of his predecessor, Count Nesselrode, have sometimes asked themselves whether his sudden elevation has not rendered him mentally intoxicated.

His elevation was sudden, very sudden. His admirers are pleased to say that he was always a great man, marked out by nature for an illustrious and useful life; but ordinary persons, in the habit of looking closely at facts, do not consider that his promotion was due to any extraordinary merits of his own. The fact is that no sooner were the days of mourning for the late Emperor ended, than his successor, who had always been kept very tightly in hand during his father's life, felt an ardent longing for freedom and authority. He particularly disliked Count Nesselrode, who had often been the involuntary instrument of his father's severity; and as soon as it was decent or possible, the greatest Minister who ever guided the fortunes of Russia was summarily dismissed.

The new Emperor at once set about undoing everything that had been done during the late reign. He amazed and alarmed his intimates by talking to them familiarly of the emancipation of the serf, as a thing upon which he had so completely determined, that further controversy on the subject was entirely needless. In vain some of the boldest urged upon the Czar's attention the apparent danger of a step which had daunted even the brave heart of his father; in vain some of the oldest generals threw themselves passionately at his feet, and besought his Majesty at least to wait till they were dead before he plunged the country into bloodshed and anarchy. In vain the nobility and the usurers to whom they owed money besieged the Presence Chamber with protests against their impending ruin. The Emperor, who is understood to have drunk a great deal of champagne at this period, paid no sort of attention to the fashionable remonstrances of that troubled time. His Majesty even went farther, — talked about free speech and free writing, and half promised a Constitution. The old inhabitants of St. Petersburg and Moscow were astounded at the boldness of the pamphlets and caricatures which were openly exposed in the shop-windows. The Ministers were freely attacked, their accounts with the Treasury questioned and censured, their dismissal demanded. The Czar himself fared no better than they; and

was sketched as a tipsy "Droschky" driver, insensible but jolly, on his box, while his brother—the Grand Duke Constantine—held the reins on the passenger-seat behind, and seemed bent on goading the wildly-galloping horses into mischief.

Such was the state of things within a year after the utter collapse of all things Russian had broken the stern heart of Nicholas. The new Emperor was resolutely bent on winning popularity, and on having his way; but there was no man in authority sufficiently powerful willing to give it him. Under these circumstances he turned, as meaner men have done before him, to his wife for counsel; and as it very often happens that ladies by no means view public events in the same serious light as they appear to their husbands, the Empress at once found a solution of the difficulty. It chanced that while wandering some years previously about her native Germany, and waiting to share a throne of which she had then no very near prospect, she met with a man who commanded at once her respect and sympathy. This was the Russian Minister at the petty Court of Stuttgart. Like most diplomatists at small Courts, he had a grievance. But he bore it so magnificently as to take a Crown Princess's breath away. She listened, nothing loath, to the story of hard bitter words spoken and written by those whom she knew well could write and utter them. She and her husband themselves had often quaked under the taunts of the Czar and his grim Minister. They were indeed very dreadful bogies to the poor lady, and it relieved her female mind not a little to talk over them stealthily, as browbeaten and weary women will talk with a safe friend who has won their confidence. The Princess's new ally was indeed just the sort of man, who always does enter very readily into the heart of women. He had a remarkably good opinion of himself; and expressed himself so confidently as to his own merits that it would not have been polite or possible for any Princess to entertain a doubt upon the subject. His language had a turgid pomp which might pass for eloquence, and there was something at bottom chivalric and loveable about the man. But his great point was his religion,—about that there could be no question. His orthodoxy was his strong point; and the Empress, who, though German bred, had long been entirely in the hands of Greek priests, surrendered her esteem at once to him. As she usually travelled with a party of clergymen, more or less numerous, and as most German capitals are snug little cen-

tres of Russian society, the tea-table councils of which Prince Gortzchakoff formed part, began to be very numerous. They were, of course, watched, as it is the penalty of princes to be; and Nicholas grew angry. He did not hesitate to declare his opinion openly that Alexander was merely a theatrical and absurd man, whose rhodomontade might get him into mischief. Fortunately, however, the Emperor himself was a devout man, and the influence of the clergy, which was unremittingly used, succeeded, after some time, in pacifying him. To the last, however, he could never hear the name of his Minister at Stuttgart mentioned without a wry smile; and every effort was made, and made in vain, to procure his appointment to a higher post.

Such was the man who was now selected by the joint influence of the Empress and the priesthood to fill the highest dignity in the empire. At first there was great opposition to an appointment so unexpected. Baron Brunow appeared to be most in the minds of impartial men. He was strongly supported by Prince Woronzow, the mightiest of the Emperor's lieutenants; and the Baron's diplomacy in London was admitted on all hands to have been a master-piece of good management. There was a powerful party for Prince Orloff, and some talk of Count Kisselef, and even for a time of the caustic and unlucky Prince Menzchikoff. But against such a clique as that organized in favour of Prince Gortzchakoff no competitor had really any chance at all. A last snub was given to Count Nesselrode by removing Creptovitch from London and Boutenieff from Constantinople. Baron Brunow returned with new honours to his old post; and the rest of the present Chancellor's rivals have disappeared from the minds of men. Prince Menzchikoff, who had probably the least chance throughout, resented his defeat most bitterly; but disappointed politicians are proverbially ill-tempered, and no one paid any attention to this old gentleman's sarcasms and bitter speeches.

Ladies are generally understood to have always played a great part in Russian politics. For very many years the late Princess Lieven was one of the most remarkable personages in diplomacy; and although she has no successor so well known in the Courts of Western Europe, yet it is whispered that, in the final intrigues and negotiations which led the way to Prince Gortzchakoff's fortune, a principal part was played by the Countess Antoinette Bloudoff. If this be the truth it is admitted among

courtiers to be, it is certain that the lady's services did not pass unremembered. Her kindred have since enjoyed the enviable posts of Minister President of the Laws, President of Polish Affairs, Director in Chief of the Civil Service, the Secretaryship of Embassy in London, and the Secretaryship of Embassy at Constantinople. If service to a Minister were always so royally recompensed as this, politics would, indeed, become an attractive profession. But it is to be observed in the present instance, that the Countess Antoinette is notably the prime favourite, guide, and counsellor of her Imperial mistress; and it is just possible there may have been certain promises and stipulations which the rising Minister might not have thought it desirable to evade. He had lived in the cold shadow too long to be very difficult as to the means which led him into such a blaze of sunshine.

It has been, and still is, the fashion to assert in Russia, that the Empress has no real influence at all; and that the Czar and his wonderful Minister are the beginning, middle, and end of Muscovite statecraft. But this is mere pretence. The Empress is one of those ladies, who are not the less powerful for keeping a great deal out of sight. She has been for some years an invalid, and does not love a crowd; but her authority is unimpaired. She is an excellent, fanatical, obstinate woman, of mild, persuasive manners, and appears much weaker of will than she is, for she resists whatever displeases her in a passive, but determined, way. Both she and her favourite are entirely given over to the Church party, and are merely instruments in their hands. It is thus really to the intrigues of a singularly superstitious and illiterate clergy that may be traced much of the trouble and bickering we have with Russia. The Empress sends money and honours indirectly to many of the most violent agitators in the Levant, who prevent the righteous and peaceful settlement of the Greek question by action, for which the majority of the population are unprepared. She is also worked upon by crowds of pretended patriots, who have no object at all but to get money from her. She is accused even of having interfered in a vexatious female way with the fearful issues of the Sepoy revolt in India. Her agents certainly do more than she can comprehend or authorize; and they are a great deal too active in providing her and her san-timonious courtiers with tea-table talk and indignation meetings.

The Emperor himself does not take much part in the government of his subjects.

When pushed to do a thing, he does it simply and at once. He does not count difficulties, and he is too unimaginative to foresee them. He lives in great intimacy with a few chosen associates, and is rather inclined to dislike any other business than that which reaches him in the form of news. He is affectionate and faithful in his friendships; having been on brotherly terms all his life with most of his habitual companions. It is a pity they are such a thriftless society of players. What with cards and gossip, they have little leisure for politics, and the subject is tabooed amongst them.

It must not be supposed from anything here said that Prince Gortzchakoff is a cypher. That would be very far from the truth. Upon questions unconnected with Church affairs, he may be considered the supreme ruler of nearly 80,000,000 of human beings. Except for a few places at St. Petersburg and Moscow, his clerical friends do not make any very great demands upon his patronage, and he is driven to none of the hard expedients which torment a British Premier. He does practically just what he pleases: and it is fortunate for other nations besides the one he rules that it generally pleases him to do well. He is much liked, and more admired by his countrymen, who are proud of his showy administration and of his florid despatches. He is a boasting, stage-struck, shallow, half-educated man; but neither insincere nor unkindly. The chief fault brought against him is that he is rather too apt to change his mind, and that his favour is not durable, or to be safely counted on in the calculations of his most cherished servants. He is said to be rather too volatile. But this is only what may be alleged of most untaught and partly-civilized men. They are easily carried away by specious words, and readily led by the last person who obtains access to them, because their convictions are neither based upon reasoning or precedent. Constitutional indecision of purpose in so powerful a Minister, may thus some day give rise to very grave apprehensions. For the moment, the policy of Russia is decidedly peaceful. The bare hint of a war would be followed immediately by the general emigration of all the bankers, mercantile men, and contractors, from the Euxine to the Baltic. War becomes an awful probability to the prudent members of a community whose money is a forced paper currency, already depreciated to 30 per cent. below par, and who cannot raise money at 8 per cent. without lottery loans; it is an awful possibility to an empire where there are, in sober earnest, nei-

ther laws, nor roads, nor ships, nor armies that can be relied upon. The middle class are rising rapidly, the press is growing bold, the old doctrine of the quasi-divinity of the Czar, and passive obedience thereto, is dying fast out of the minds of the peasantry. These are bad elements to go to war with; if Prince Gortzchakoff, or any other Minister, presumes to ignore them, it is not unlikely that the sceptre of the Romanoffs might break to splinters in their hands. The Poles still watch for any opportunity to revolt. The Caucasus, with the Persian and Turcoman hordes, and all the wild savagery on the extreme frontier towards Kochan and Bokhara, are always ripe for mischief. The Baltic provinces are in a chronic state of discontent. More than once there has been talk of an independent Siberia. This is dangerous stuff to stir with an empty treasury, worthless arsenals, and no great captain of distinction to lead a sulky army; no admiral of experience and renown to make up for the deficiencies of a fleet more showy than useful. A wily and intriguing Prince stands very near the throne; the invasion of ideas upon the German frontier is growing very impetuous and menacing; the Greeks claim one part of the conquests wrung from Turkey, the Poles claim another part; the Danubian Principalities want Bessarabia; Austria and Hungary are ill-disposed. Combustible matter all this, upon which it were quite as well to throw cold water.

But the Russian priesthood, and the teatable politicians at St. Petersburg, know little of the doctrine of chances, and are not accustomed to weigh probabilities which interfere with their own wishes too nicely. It is well known that they have been long brooding mischief in the East, and it is just possible that Prince Gortzchakoff may be some day forced into some act he had better avoid.

From the Spectator.

OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN.

ONE of the most puzzling of all psychological problems is the difficulty that "grown up people" feel in understanding children. They have all been children, and one would think they would all retain some faint recollection of the ideas of childhood sufficient to make them fair, or tolerant, or kindly, or at the least intelligent, in dealing with their babes. They do not, though.

We ask any truth-speaking father of a family, that is, of more than one child, who may happen to read these lines, whether he ever finds his own experience any help in understanding his children under ten, whether he is not compelled to rely on observation alone, whether there is not a hiatus for which he cannot account between his own recollections and his true childhood? He can remember events, or rather he can remember particular incidents, as far back as four years old, or, in very rare and exceptional cases, three years old; but he cannot remember at all what he was mentally like, what his governing ideas were, what were his ruling aspirations. Beyond the age of ten or thereabouts—the actual time fluctuating with every individual—he can remember, and the remembrance helps him to judge his son or to comprehend his daughter, but before that time memory is of no use to him. He has to judge children, like animals, by acute observation,—the reason why there is such immense difference in the results of observation upon children. It is nearly impossible to get two people to give the same judgment either on children in the abstract, or any particular description of children, or any individual child, and quiet people have not yet settled the grand proposition whether children are bad or good, given to evil which requires repression, or given to good which demands development. If they remembered any thing consecutively concerning their own childhood they would know, but they do not remember, or rather, to state the truth as far as we know it, they do not remember until they are old—one reason of the singular authority the very old exercise over the little ones. They are further removed from them in ideas, habits, and bearing than the young father and mother, but they understand and rule them better for all that.

We have been led into these remarks, remarks which will seem to many people to be uttered as completely *in vacuo* as the first paragraph in a *Times* leader, by Mr. Macdonald's effort to describe minutely an old-fashioned child. We dare say he thinks his new novel, *Guild Court*, is about something else, and that reviewers ought to discuss his account of love and lovers; how Thomas, defaulting clerk, was redeemed by his love for Lucy—kissable person of good instincts—and all that, but the real object upon which he has spent his genius—and it is genius, and how the deuce he conceals it from a Dissenting congregation we cannot imagine!—is the portraiture of two children, Mattie Kitley, an "old-fash-

ioned" child, as nurses with brains would say; and Poppie Nobody, a child of the streets, with nothing in her but nature, left as untrimmed as her curls, which on one celebrated occasion, — Mr. Macdonald is an atrocious realist, whom every woman ought to scold, — took two hours in cleaning. With Poppie we have very little to do. People who really know the street life, Lord Shaftesbury, for example, might find fault with her, but to us her portrait appears as nearly perfect as anything we are at all likely to see — a genuine Murillo, with a fresh glaze. But Mattie is not so perfect, by any means. We suppose Mr. Macdonald sketched her from some child whom he knew very well, else why did he introduce her, but as a type-child of the kind she seems to us defective, wanting in reality and truth. She is to be, as we understand her, an "old-fashioned child," and so she is in a way, and a very charming little priggish pet besides, for whom fathers may well be grateful to Mr. Macdonald, — mothers will prick him with their breast pins, — but somehow she is not of the real sort. The original may have been like her, but then she was an original, an exceptional person, differing altogether from the regular genus. The true old-fashioned child, is before all things not an actress, and Mattie is, whether Mr. Macdonald knows it or not, an actress. She is the daughter of a small bookseller somewhere or other in the Strand, with a big head and a pale face, and a habit of thinking, and a tendency to unpleasant reverie about a Being whom she calls Syne, and who, besides persecuting her at times, explains most things she does not like. All that is very well, particularly if we allow that Mattie, though located in London, is essentially a Highland child, taught from the breast to believe all manner of dreams, and accustomed to treat the Devil as an impertinent and wicked, but yet familiar friend. He is in the loch according to Highlanders, children being liable to go too near; and behind the fern on the mountain, children being apt to wander upwards — *vide* Geoffrey Hamlyn's Australian experiences *passim*, — and under the rye-stacks, which are just light enough for children to disturb them in an inconvenient lightness of heart. So far Mattie is well, but she poses. She does Princess, and is called Princess, and is called Princess with her own full consent, while the true old-fashioned child would fume under the title as marking something in her different from other people, like any less flattering nickname.

That kind of child does not *act*, but is infinitely real, striving through her association with her elders, always or almost always the root of old-fashionedness, to be, and not to seem to be, "a grown-up person." All children, it is true, act a little, just as dogs and pet birds act a little. When Mattie, jealous of a friend who has been taken up by a great protector and favourite of hers, goes away briding, we all catch the genuine expression of childlike feeling. So does the big retriever bridle under the same provocation, and so does the cockatoo, or better still as an illustration, the only bird which really seems human — the raven — but neither retriever, nor cockatoo, nor raven poses for more than a minute, and Mattie does pose, habitually, and at all times. Old-fashioned children think as she does, and get big heads, and grow pale, and recover in the country, where the chickens, and the cows, and the grass make them natural again; but they do not play parts, and Mattie is always unconsciously playing a part — that of a grown-up person. She calls her father, for example, always "Mr. Kately," which is acting, while the true childish instinct of that kind of being would be to call him by his Christian name, as a half-comic assertion of equality with "grown-ups." "Susan," says a child of the kind, in one of *Punch's* best recent sketches, to the housemaid, "I rang. Please take mamma away; she is very cross and disagreeable;" and we all know that is natural, but Mr. Macdonald's Mattie would have said, "Please take me away; I am getting impertinent," — which is good fun, too, but not of the sort that occurs to children. Mattie has a great friend, a cobbler, and as people cannot, she says, have two fathers, she calls him "Mother," a touch of the most pathetic comedy, but not real, nevertheless. True Mattie would have called her cobbler friend little father, or big father, or out-o'-doors father, or any other sort of father, rather than have lost sight of the reality of things. For the true secret of old-fashionedness in children, if we understand it at all — and Mr. Macdonald is quite as likely to understand it as we are — is premature realism, an over early desire to see and to speak of things exactly as they are, and not to yield to "childishness." Other children accept what comes; they are always reflecting on the explanation of its coming. Such children, for example, have a trick of "talking like grown-up people" which strikes everybody. It is set down very naturally to

imitation, but it is not, we suspect, imitation, but a desperate effort to express an idea as correctly as grown-up people do, to use words which, as such children see, are instantly understood, instead of the words which come first. They think it accurate to talk like that, to plead for sweetmeats in long words, and to give orders with the precise sententiousness of their elders. In so doing they are striving to be, not acting, not consistently playing a part, as Mattie clearly is in acting for weeks the head of the house. So far from losing in after life their peculiarities, as they would do if they were acting, they are usually more true at this time to their real nature than in after life they will be. Goethe, perhaps among all great men the one of whom other men know most, was as a child old-fashioned, reflective, given to odd utterances, gravely considerate as to what he would and would not do, liked and did not like. As a young man he was utterly different — an impressionable, natural, pleasure-seeking man; but the child-nature came back on him with age, and Goethe at sixty-five was Goethe at six plus the necessary development of brain. Manhood was with him the evanescent stage, not childhood, and so it is, we suspect, with all old-fashioned children. Mattie would have shaken off her slough, have shed her mental skin, not have grown under it. The difference comes out most perfectly, perhaps, in Mattie's religious utterances. "She was not three years old when she asked her mother, a sweet, thoughtful woman, in many ways superior to her husband, though not intellectually his equal, 'Who made the tree in Wood Street?' Her mother answered, of course, 'God made it, my pet;' for by instinct, she never spoke of her God without using some term of endearment to her child. Mattie answered, 'I would like it better if a man made it' — a cry after the humanity of God — a longing in the heart of the three years' child for the Messiah of God." No doubt some children have occasionally strange religious lights, ideas utterly inexplicable upon any theory of the absorption of ideas from without; but then they are not old-fashioned, but exceptional children. The true old-fashioned child is realistic, sceptically remarks about the tree, "I don't believe it. Did you see him?" "Mamma," said a little one of that kind in our hearing one day, "have angels wings?" "Oh, certainly!" says mamma, full of ideas derived from pictures, "they have wings." "Then what did they want a ladder for to

get down to Jacob?" was the unexpected reply, under which mamma found it quite time for her questioner to go to bed. "If you do that," said a nurse to a child, not long since — and she ought to have been whipped for saying it — "Bogey will get you, and what will you do then?" "Tell the policeman," said the Londoner of seven, serenely confident in his country's institutions, and entirely indifferent to anything he could not see there and then. Such a child has no ready-made little theory of life to which she refers everything, as Mattie refers it to utility, or rather efficiency, but shows her old-fashionedness by her effort to invent sufficient explanations for the phenomena of the day. Mattie, for example, goes to the Zoological Gardens, and after crying over the seal's large brown eyes, by no means a likely display of emotion, visits the rats, the quaint little beasts with cloaks on their backs, who, as Mr. Macdonald says, "believe in somersaults — that the main object of life is to run round and round, doing the same thing with decency and order — that is, turning heels over head every time they arrive at a certain spot." These somersaults are, perhaps, the most unintelligible actions performed by any animals; but this is Mattie's comment: — "They don't make any thing of it. They're no further on at night than they were in the morning. I hate roundabouts! Poor little things." The true child of that sort would have reflected for a week, but she would have found a reason for the eccentric motion, even if it were only one we heard a child utter. He meditated on the rats all day, and at last, when everybody else had forgotten them, shouted, *à propos* of nothing, "It's the fleas," an entirely false explanation, but justified to his mind by his knowledge of little dogs. Mattie's mind, to use big words, is essentially constructive, while the regular old-fashioned child is, we take it, essentially analytic, occupied not with an effort to make appearances harmonize, but to find out, in some cases by reflection, in others by incessant questioning, what appearances really mean.

And yet, when all is said, Mr. Macdonald maybe right, for no man recollects his childhood, children write no autobiographies — Dr. John Brown's Major was scarcely a child — and no man's thoughts about children can ever be more than the conclusions of an experience as limited as the conclusions of an ethnologist would be if he had only studied one clan.

From the London Review.

VICTOR HUGO.

If we carefully examine the long and brilliant list of the living celebrities of France, we shall scarcely meet with a greater name than that of Victor Hugo, who, in the varied fields of lyric poetry, romance, and the drama, has contributed more than any other writer to the literary prominence of France in the present century, while the political vicissitudes of his life and his protracted exile enhance the interest with which we regard his course to the pinnacle of literary fame. It is, however, as the most conspicuous figure in the French literary world during the earlier half of the nineteenth century that posterity will think of him when the part which he has played on the political stage shall have been quite forgotten.

Victor Marie Hugo is sprung from a Lorraine family which occupies a somewhat distinguished position in the warlike annals of France, and can trace its descent three centuries back. His father, a general of considerable distinction in the service of Joseph Bonaparte, was intrusted with the command of the expedition against the celebrated robber-chieftain, Fra Diavolo, whom he succeeded in capturing. Afterwards he accompanied Joseph Bonaparte to Spain, and was one of the last French generals who in 1814 retreated across the Pyrenees before the allied troops; General Hugo further distinguished himself by his brave defence of the weakly-garrisoned fortress of Thionville against the superior forces of the Prussians and Russians. Victor Hugo was born at Besançon on the 26th of February, 1802; he was the youngest of three sons, the offspring of the General's union with Mille. Trebuchet, a lady of a very determined character, who maintained a great ascendancy over her illustrious son as long as she lived, and to whose influence is to be traced, as we shall hereafter see, his political inconsistency. The poet's childhood was one of considerable bustle and change of scene. From his native town we trace him to the island of Elba, where he remained till he had completed his third year; then, after a residence of two years in Paris, we find him in Italy, in the province of Avellino, of which his father was then Governor. When General Hugo left Italy in 1807, his family returned to Paris, and two years later we find them all in Madrid, it being the General's intention to enter his sons amongst the pages of

the King of Spain; but they had not been long in Madrid when the disturbed state of affairs caused Madame Hugo to return with her children to Paris, where the young Victor now began regularly to attend school. He cultivated poetry at a very early age, and would certainly have carried off the prize for which he competed at the Academy at the age of fifteen, if he had not been so imprudent as to mention his age in the concluding lines of his poem. The judges believing it impossible that such a remarkable composition could be the work of a mere boy, thought they were being hoaxed, and conferred the prize on a less worthy competitor: the young poet afterwards convinced them that his assertion was true by sending them a certificate of his birth; but it was too late, and he was obliged to rest satisfied with the "first honourable mention" which they had accorded to his composition.

Displeased at the manner in which he had been treated by the Académie Française, he sent his next productions to the academy of Toulouse, where his youth did not prejudice the judges against him, and three prizes in succession were awarded him; and at the early age of seventeen he had already attained the distinction of *Maître ès-jeux Floraux*. His mother was a determined Royalist, and is even said to have been one of those ladies who gained a rather martial notoriety during the disturbances in La Vendée at the end of the last century. Political disputes had unhappily brought about a separation between the poet's parents in the year 1814, from which date he had been left entirely to his mother's care, and it is unquestionably to her influence that we must ascribe the warmth with which he espoused the Royalist cause in his earlier years. Before he had completed his nineteenth year he began to attract the attention of the Court by his Odes. On the occasion of the coronation of Charles X. he composed a poem, and an audience was granted him to present it to the King; Charles X., after having glanced through the young poet's verses, handed them to the famous Chateaubriand, who was present at the interview, and was so struck with the merit of the poem that he exclaimed, pointing to the young author — "*C'est un enfant sublime!*" The *enfant* was then really in his twenty-first year, but he was so small and slight, and at the same time so bashful and reserved in his manners, that he was generally taken for a lad of fifteen. Shortly before this occurrence the poet had lost his mother, to whom he was most warily attached;

the void thus created in his affections he, however, soon filled up by his marriage with Mlle. Adèle Foucher, which took place in the year 1823, at a time when his circumstances did not justify such a step; but the pecuniary difficulties, if any, of the early days of his married life, were not of long duration. His first novel, entitled "Han d'Islande," which he had published shortly before his marriage, though not very successful at first, soon made its way, and the demand for a second edition freed the young couple from the pressure of poverty. They inhabited a small house in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, which will long be remembered as the rendezvous of those bright spirits who united there and formed the nucleus of the French Romantic School — a brilliant body, small at first, but which, gradually increasing in numbers and importance, burst at length the fetters of classical narrow-mindedness, and brightened the history of French literature by the addition of a second period of splendour. Among Victor Hugo's earlier coadjutors in the war against the classical school and the reign of Aristotle, we may name Sainte-Beuve, Paul Foucher, Dumas, Alfred Vigny, and Jules Lefebvre.

In the year 1826 the poet's "Odes et Ballades" were published, in two volumes, and fairly took the public by surprise; they were eagerly read, and one edition succeeded another rapidly; never before had the lyrical capabilities of the French language been so powerfully exhibited. The extraordinary success of this work brought wealth to the poet, and at once placed him in a very prominent position in literary society; it had, moreover, the less desirable effect of drawing down upon him the envy and wrath of the critics of the classical school, who denounced him as a servile imitator of Byron; these attacks were redoubled on the publication of his novel entitled "Bug Jargal," a story founded on the revolt of the slaves in St. Domingo, which he wrote in the astonishingly short space of a fortnight; it was condemned by the classical lyrics as a bad imitation of Walter Scott, but was warmly welcomed by the public. It was, however, the preface to his drama of "Cromwell," which appeared in 1827, that drew down upon the poet the fiercest indignation of the hostile critics, whose Aristotelian and classical prejudices received a violent shock from Hugo's bold onslaught on the unities of the famous Greek critic, and his still more alarming vindication of Shakespeare's admission of the grotesque into tragedy.

It was then that the struggle began in earnest between the romantic and classical schools — a struggle which occupies such a prominent position in the literary history of the present century, and which, having been first excited by Chateaubriand and Madame de Stael, now attained its greatest violence, when the drama — the favourite stronghold of the classical party — was invaded by the romantic school under such a fearless leader as Victor Hugo.

In 1829 appeared "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," a powerful plea in favour of the abolition of capital punishment, in which the author analyzes with terrible minuteness the agonies endured by a convict on the day preceding his execution; this work attracted a great deal of attention not only in France, but throughout Europe; and did not fail to produce considerable modifications in public opinion on the important subject of capital punishment. About this time Victor Hugo, partly on account of his wife's grief at the loss of her first-born child, and partly because the builders were becoming too active in that neighbourhood, left his house in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs; and after a short residence in the quarter of the Champs Elysées, took a house in the Place Royale, which had formerly been a palace of Louis XIII. It was in this house that he spent the days of his greatest glory and renown; the soirées at the Place Royale became famous in the literary world, and the old society of the champions of the romantic school met there, greatly strengthened by the addition of such men as Alphonse Karr, Théophile Gautier, Alfred Musset, and a host of other distinguished writers.

The drama of "Cromwell," on its first production, was far from being a success, and its author appears to have been thereby deterred for some time from making any further dramatic efforts. In the year 1829, however, "Marion Delorme" appeared, but unfortunately its representation was prohibited on account of the manner in which it treated the character of Louis XIII., the grandfather of the then reigning king. In an audience which the author obtained from Charles X. on this occasion, he did not succeed in his efforts to persuade that monarch to reverse the veto, and he considered it his duty to decline a pension which the King offered him as an indemnity for the loss occasioned to him by the prohibition. To compensate the manager of the Théâtre Français for the loss which he had sustained by the non-production of "Marion Delorme," Victor Hugo at once

set to work at a new drama on a Spanish subject, to which he gave the title of "Hernani." This dramatic masterpiece, after encountering much opposition from the theatrical authorities, and even from the leading actors who were to take parts in it, was ultimately produced on the 26th February, 1830 (the author's birthday), with a success which surpassed the most sanguine expectations of himself and his friends. The revival of "Hernani" at the Théâtre Français during the past season, and the enthusiastic reception accorded to it, will be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. A couple of years after the poet's first great theatrical success, the flight of the grandson of Louis XIII. to Scotland removed the impediment in the way of the representation of "Marion Delorme," and that drama was produced with considerable success; it was followed in rapid succession by "Le Roi s'amuse" (known to English theatre-goers under the name of "The Fool's Revenge"), "Lucrezia Borgia," "Marie Tudor," and "Angelo." It was not till the year 1838, on the occasion of the opening of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, that the well-known democratic drama of "Ruy Blas" was produced; this drama is associated with the memory of the celebrated actor, Frédéric Lemaître, who created a great sensation by his portraiture of the leading character, and of whom the author says, in his preface to the first edition of "Ruy Blas," "pour lui la soirée du 8 novembre (first night "Ruy Blas") n'a pas été une représentation, mais une transfiguration." We may conclude the list of Victor Hugo's principal dramatic works with "Les Burgraves," which was brought out at the Comédie Française some years later; it experienced the violence of the critics equally with its predecessors, and did not add much to its author's popularity. In his dramatic productions Victor Hugo is chiefly remarkable as having been the first French dramatist who systematically disregarded Aristotle's unities, laughed to scorn the creed of Boileau and La Harpe, and accustomed the fellow-countrymen of Racine to the union of tragedy and comedy, after the example of Shakespeare. In all his dramas he has displayed great skill in representing the manners of the age in which his plot is laid, and great power in the creation of dramatic situations; his characters are skilfully and boldly drawn, and the play of the passions is invariably represented with much truth and power; his versification, if at times harsh and un-

couth, is never monotonous, and never wanting in boldness and energy.

In endeavouring to give an uninterrupted sketch of our author's dramatic career, we have deserted the chronological order. We must now return to the year 1832, when Victor Hugo's most celebrated and universally read work was published — we allude to the famous novel entitled "Notre Dame de Paris," better known in England under the name of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Old Paris appeared to live again in the glowing pages of this wonderful work, in which the energy and variety of the style were equalled by the power displayed in the conception of the characters and the antiquarian knowledge exhibited in the descriptions of the old monuments of Paris. It was not generally known that this great and original work was written under compulsion; the author had agreed with his publisher to have a novel ready for him by a certain day, but afterwards, being otherwise occupied, requested the publisher to release him from his engagement; this, however, the former refused to do, and flatly threatened him with proceedings if the book were not ready on the appointed day. Victor Hugo accordingly shut himself up in his house for the six months that remained, not leaving the house except on one occasion, and on the appointed day the great work, which raised him at once to the zenith of his fame, was in the publisher's hands. A few years after this, he gave to the world "Les Feuilles d'Automne," a charming collection of lyrics, in which the pleasures of domestic life were treated of; this was followed by two volumes of lyrics, respectively entitled "Les Orientales" and "Les Chants du Crépuscule," by which he greatly increased his poetical reputation. That he wrote with surprising rapidity may be inferred from one or two instances which have been recorded; the period from the date of the production of his "Hernani" down to his entrance into the Academy (1830-41) was that of his greatest literary activity. In addition to "Notre Dame de Paris" and the numerous dramas and collections of lyric poetry to which we have already alluded, two volumes of letters, published under the title of "Le Rhin," and two volumes of poems, respectively entitled "Les Voix Intérieures" and "Les Rayons et les Ombres," appeared in the course of that period.

On the 3rd of June, 1841, Victor Hugo was at length elected a member of the Academy, notwithstanding the violent oppo-

sition which was organized against him, and two years later he was elevated by Louis Philippe to the dignity of a peer of France under the title of Le Vicomte Victor Marie Hugo. During the next few years the poet's position was a most enviable one; his brilliant successes as a novelist, a dramatist, and a lyric poet, had not only converted his poverty into wealth, but had raised him to unquestionable supremacy in the Parisian literary world, and happy had it been for him if he had contented himself with reigning over the realms of literature. In an evil hour, however, the desire of political fame took possession of him, and in the year 1848 he offered himself as a candidate, and was elected a representative of the people. During the few years which intervened between this event and his exile, he was a prominent member of the "Chambre," and in the stormy debates of 1851 he especially distinguished himself by the boldness of his attacks on Louis Napoleon. On the 7th of July, 1851, he gave utterance to his bitterness against the future Emperor — a bitterness which the lapse of years has not diminished — in a speech of tremendous power, from the terribly sarcastic peroration of which we extract the concluding words: —

"What! because after ten years of immense glory, of glory which appears fabulous from its very greatness, he (Napoleon Bonaparte) was obliged from exhaustion to let fall the sceptre and the sword which had accomplished so many gigantic deeds, do you (Louis Napoleon) do you wish, you, to take them up in imitation of him as he took them up in imitation of Charlemagne, and grasp in your little hands that sceptre of the Titans, that sword of the giants? And for what purpose! What! After an Augustus must we have an Augustulus? What! because we have had a Napoleon the Great, must we have a Napoleon the Little?"

But Louis Napoleon was too strong for the Republican party; the army was firmly attached to him, and in the following December he put an end to all the hopes of his opponents by the *coup d'état*. Among the numbers whom this event drove into exile was Victor Hugo. He first fled to Brussels, and thence to London; but the fogs of the great city driving him away, he soon took refuge in the charming island of Jersey, and remained there till 1857, when he removed to the neighbouring island of Guernsey, where he still lives.

We have dwelt at considerable length on the details of our author's life down to the

year 1851; over the period of his exile we shall pass very rapidly, as there is little in it that calls for mention, with the exception of the great works which have appeared from time to time, and compelled the world to remember the exiled poet. In the earlier years of his exile he gave utterance to his political animosity in his celebrated treatises, entitled "Napoléon le Petit" and "Les Châtiments," which found much favour with the enemies of the French Emperor. From these productions the admirer of Victor Hugo turns with pleasure to the examination of his more recent poetical works. Among these, which are somewhat voluminous, we may mention, "Les Contemplations" — a volume of lyrics which appeared in 1856, and has been pronounced to be "the greatest lyric work of the greatest of French lyric poets;" "La Légende des Siècles" — a very ambitious work, with regard to which very contradictory opinions are entertained, but which, if unequal in execution, must be admitted to contain passages which are hardly surpassed in the whole range of French poetry; and "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," which remind us strongly of some of the poet's earliest lyrics. But unquestionably the greatest productions of his exile, we might perhaps safely say the greatest of all his productions, are his novels "Les Misérables" (1862) and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" (1866), which are doubtless familiar to most of our readers, and with the mere mention of which we must here content ourselves. We may also record the fact that Victor Hugo contributed to the literature of Shakespeare's tercentenary a remarkable work under the title of "William Shakespeare" (1864).

Victor Hugo now lives in Guernsey with his wife and daughter and two sons. Madame Hugo is engaged in writing a history of her illustrious husband's life, one volume of which has already appeared. His sons have both distinguished themselves by their literary productions; the elder, François Victor, is the author of the best of the many French translations of Shakespeare, and the younger, Charles, has written several novels, some of which have had considerable success. Victor Hugo is wealthy, having received large sums of money for his various works: for one of his recent novels ("Les Misérables") it is said that he received no less than 400,000 frs. (£16,000). Wealth inspires envy; and there are not wanting persons who say that the great poet is avaricious. His fellow-exiles tell a different tale.

From The Examiner.

Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K.C.B. with Correspondence and Journals. Commenced by the late Joseph Parkes, Esq. Completed and Edited by Herman Merivale, M.A. In Two Volumes. Longmans.

MERELY as contributions to the famous Junius Controversy, these volumes are very welcome. But this is only one of their merits. For the first time they tell the story of a man who, judged only by the work which he acknowledged, was a conspicuous member of the group of George the Third's statesmen. If we credit him with all the anonymous work, the "Letters of Junius" being only a part of it, which Mr. Parkes with tolerably good reason assigns to him, his greatness is much more apparent, and the littleness that was mixed up with it makes the study of his life very interesting on grounds that are neither historical nor antiquarian. Mr. Parkes gave the best years of his life to this work. Finding a copious fragment of autobiography, and a great mass of apocryphal memoirs prepared by or for Francis's widow, which two or three other intending biographers gave up in despair, he used them in writing a very full account of the first twenty-nine years of his hero's life, and left the rest with a goodly store of valuable notes to be skilfully handled by Mr. Merivale. Francis is not quite so great a hero to Mr. Merivale as he was to Mr. Parkes; and this is well. Mr. Parkes lived long enough to investigate the whole material with a patient zeal that probably no one else would have shown, and to give the result of his researches and conclusions in his own way; and Mr. Merivale, adding some "Junius" arguments of his own, has told the rest of the story in a little more than one volume, instead of the half-dozen which Mr. Parkes would probably have filled, thereby making the book much more valuable and interesting than it might otherwise have been.

Francis was an Irishman, born in 1740. His grandfather was Dean of Lismore early in the eighteenth century. His father, also a clergyman, was the well-known translator of Horace, Demosthenes, and Æschines, and author of some original tragedies and pamphlets. His mother was descended from Sir Thomas Roe, James the First's Ambassador to the Great Mogul. Francis himself was left motherless and poor at a very early age. He was Gibbon's schoolfellow for a

short time, under his father, and then he was educated at St. Paul's School, of which he became captain in 1756. In that year a junior clerkship in the Secretary of State's office was given to him by Henry Fox. His abilities soon procured him a private secretaryship to General Bligh, who blamed him for overstepping his civilian duties and showing himself in the trenches before Cherbourg. In 1760 he was Secretary to Lord Kinnoul, whom he accompanied on his mission to Portugal. Coming home next year, he returned to his old clerkship, employing his out-of-office hours in studying Bacon, Locke, Montesquieu, and other authors. His perfect mastery of Latin and French procured him occasional employment as amanuensis to Pitt. Once, we are told, "Pitt was in high debate on some Cabinet question with two of his colleagues, the Premier suffering acute pain, and Francis sitting at the end of the table. The colleagues were urging some project on Pitt which the latter disapproved. The former requesting his reasons, Pitt passionately replied, 'My lords, the reasons why I consider the measure injudicious are so obvious that I wonder you should require to be told them. I will venture to assert they will occur to that youth. Speak, Francis, have you heard the question?' Francis answered in the affirmative. 'Then,' said Pitt, 'tell their lordships why I object to their proposals.' Francis assigned instant reasons, so much to the Minister's satisfaction, that Pitt exclaimed, 'I told you how it would be; you cannot answer a boy.'"

The boy was then twenty-one years old, and in love with Miss Elizabeth Mackrabie, whom he married in the spring of 1762. Before the end of the year he was promoted to be first clerk in the War Office, then managed by Charles Townsend. About that time, too, if not before, he began to write for the newspapers. He was an anonymous correspondent of the *Public Advertiser*. In 1764, under the signature of "Candor," he defended Wilkes and No. 45, and on the publisher's refusing to publish any more than a first letter, he continued his trenchant defence of liberty of the press in a series of "Candor Pamphlets." That Francis was "Candor" Mr. Parkes considered proved by the handwriting, by the fact that the letters were written on War-office paper, and by close analogies of thought and expression between them and Francis's private notes. On similar grounds he attributes to him the authorship of "An Enquiry into the Doctrine of Libels," which also caused much stir in 1764. If

Francis wrote them he had special reasons for concealing the fact, seeing that he was then in the pay of the Government which, with wonderful wit and irony, he was attacking.

To him also is assigned much other anonymous work during the next few years. He is supposed to have been the "Anti-Sejanus" and the "Cato Redivivus" of the *Public Advertiser* in 1766, and to have had a dozen other *noms-de-plume* during 1767 and 1768. In 1769 "Junius" made his appearance. Had Mr. Parkes lived to carry his work over the period during which the letters of "Junius" appeared, he would probably have written more than a volume thereupon. As it is, Mr. Merivale gives, in about a hundred and fifty pages, a very copious and conclusive statement of his own and Mr. Parkes's reasons for identifying "Junius" with Francis. Here is Mr. Merivale's summary of his arguments:

The chief proofs which fix the authorship on Francis have always been considered to be three: the peculiar conformity of the known events and experiences of his life with what we must suppose, from Junius's own indications, respecting Junius; similarities of style, temper, character; and, lastly, similarity of handwriting, tested by the "private letters" of Junius to Woodfall, of which facsimiles are inserted in many works, from Taylor's "Junius Identified" downwards. All these classes of proof are strengthened in many cases, in no single case invalidated, by the contents of the manuscripts collected and examined by Mr. Parkes. And Mr. Parkes added a fourth element of proof: that afforded by the War-office paper and seals used by Junius, to which reference is made in the preface, and which will be found developed in the Appendix to this work. The weight of the whole must, I repeat, be left to the reader to estimate. I will only add, for myself, the expression of what I felt long ago, when first commencing the "Junius" inquiry in mere curiosity, and have felt far more strongly in studying these new materials. All the lines of investigation which have been followed, or can be followed, in order to trace the authorship to this or that known individual, except Francis, fail at a certain point. Like the paths in a child's play labyrinth, they are cut short at some point or other by a transverse bar. They end in impossibilities. The remaining path, to which one clue only leads us, becomes plainer and plainer the farther the investigation is conducted. No transverse bar, no failure of any sort, intervenes between us and our end. Of the strength of the affirmative evidence for Francis people have hitherto doubted, and may perhaps doubt in future. But of the weakness of all the evidence which has

been adduced in favour of any one else, there cannot really be two opinions. And the editor can only add, as an assertion to which he hopes credit will be given, that all his examination of the mass of papers submitted to his eye, and from which the work now offered to the public contains only a trifling selection, has tended towards the same result. He has not discovered a single record or a single passage which raises (by comparison of dates, sentiments, or other circumstances) the slightest improbability against the current supposition. On the contrary, he can subscribe literally to the conclusion of Mr. Taylor, in his "Junius Identified," arrived at fifty years ago, from far less copious materials for judgment: "In all his researches, the writer has never met with one thought, one fact, one word, which in the slightest degree impeded the course of his demonstration. This is a negative criterion of the truth, but is of no small value after so extensive a survey, and it properly crowns the whole pile of evidence."

To which we must append Mr. Merivale's justly-drawn parallel between the characters of Francis and "Junius":

That Junius can only be described with truth as a political adventurer there is no doubt. It is plain enough that his own personal success in life was involved in that of the party whose cause he adopted, or, to speak still more accurately, in the fall of the party which he attacked. And it is equally true that he was utterly unscrupulous in his use of means; that his sincerity, even when he was sincere, was apt to assume the form of the most ignoble rancour; and that no ties of friendship, or party, or connection, seem to have restrained his virulence. All this is but too deducible from the published anonymous writings only. And the conclusions to which the sentiments and conduct of Francis would lead us, as evinced in his manuscript remains, are assuredly much the same. But when all this has been said, there remains a residue of a higher order, which must in justice to him be fairly weighed in the balance. Notwithstanding all his sins against justice and truth, Junius was assuredly actuated at bottom by a strong and ardent public spirit. He was throughout a genuine lover of his country. He was earnest in behalf of her honour and of her liberties. He saw clearly that her road to the accomplishment of a higher destiny lay through the maintenance of that honour and the extension of those liberties. He hated with an honest hatred the meanness of principle and venality of conduct which characterized but too strongly the governments against which he fought, and tarnished the political genius of his time. And very remarkable was the success which attended his struggle against them. Great indeed were the practical victories achieved by the efforts of this nameless, obscure agitator. Freedom of the press, and the personal freedom of the subject, owe probably more to the writings of

Junius than to the eloquence of Chatham or Burke, the law of Camden and Dunning. It is not too much to say that after the appearance of those writings, a new tone on these great subjects is found to prevail in our political literature. Doctrines which had previously met with almost general consent became exploded, truths which up to that time had been only timidly propounded were placed, in post-Junian times, on the order of the day. It is no doubt very true that he was only fighting in the van of an advancing cause, and that these public benefits would as certainly have been secured to us if Junius had never written. But it is just as certain that America would have been discovered had Columbus never existed; yet no one therefore contests the greatness of Columbus, or the obligations under which mankind lies towards him.

And these considerations help us to account for another great element in his success — his literary merit. Most critics whose opinions are of value have joined in very high admiration of the letters of Junius, taken by themselves as works of art. The best of them are not only enormously superior to the ordinary political writing of that time — equal perhaps to the best political writing of any time — but they are certainly superior to anything else that Junius can be supposed or conjectured to have written. It has long been argued that Francis could not be Junius, because of that superiority; although those who study the remains of Francis, now given to the public, may perhaps modify that opinion. But then the letters are to the full as superior, generally speaking, to those which preceded them in the same newspapers under a variety of signatures, most or very many of which there can be no doubt were written by Junius, whoever he was. The riddle, therefore, remains thus far unsolved on any theory. But is there not really a ready solution? The letters signed Junius are of very various merit; but the best, as has been fully admitted, exceed in fire and force the writer's other productions. But the mind of Francis was singularly precocious: this the records of his earliest years plainly show; and intellectual powers of this description are apt to attain ripeness at a period of life when those of slower men are in course of development. And is not a still stronger reason for their superiority to be found in the fact that they were written under peculiar and ardent political excitement? It will be observed that the period of their excellence is coincident with that during which Francis was in close and busy communication with Chatham, whom in earlier life he had depreciated; when he reported his speeches, watched his every movement, adopted all his tendencies, and himself suggested some of them. Francis was one of those whose spirits "are not finely touched but to fine issues." It was this contagious enthusiasm, this passing fever of the brain, which made a great classic of him; which turned the newspaper scribe into an inspired writer, the coffee-house politician into a

patriot and a statesman. The fire which had blazed thus brightly for a brief space sank again when its temporary fuel was consumed. Francis remained a powerful, often a commanding writer and speaker; but the oracular spirit breathed through Junius no more.

If Francis really was "Junius," Mr. Merivale shows how his success in this wonderful piece of anonymous satire threw a blight over his whole life.

That his life was on the whole a failure; that, animated at once by very genuine public spirit and high-reaching ambition, he never succeeded in either achieving great political objects, although he often suggested and intimated their achievement by others, nor in attaining distinguished rank in his own person, — this must be attributed partly to faults of character and conduct which the reader of these pages will easily discover. But it was owing also, in great measure, to his own extraordinary success as Junius. He was scarcely thirty when that success was gained. From that moment his destiny was influenced by it. At first, when the wounds inflicted by the libeller were fresh, he was hampered in all his proceedings by the necessity of guarding a secret of which the disclosure would have been ruin. The habits of mystery thus engendered seem to have grown on him. Junius for a time was almost forgotten; the immediate political sting was past; the literary and historical interest attached to the "inquiry" respecting him had hardly commenced; but Francis during this middle period seems still to have been regarded as a character to which a mystery was attached, a controller of the secret influence of the press. And in later life, the suspicions of his connection with the famous letters gradually accumulated, until they culminated in 1814 with Taylor's celebrated pamphlet "Junius identified." Sir Philip thought proper to maintain, throughout, his attitude of secrecy, and of occasional denial; and thus the work of three busy years became, and remained, a burden on his author for nearly fifty. There is a striking, almost a terrible, passage in Lady Francis's Recollections of him, in which she says that it was the opinion of some of his intimate friends that his hesitation in Parliamentary speaking — which was a main cause of his comparative failure — was partly owing to the consciousness of his secret. He set so constant and habitual a guard on his lips, lest some compromising expression should find its way out of them, that the habit remained even in cases where the secret was not at all a question.

In 1772 the "Letters of Junius" ceased. In the same year Francis threw up his situation in the War Office, and went to spend some time and his small savings in travelling

on the Continent. He returned to secure a legacy made in his favour by his old friend Calcraft, and to be appointed, through the influence of Lord Barrington, who, as Secretary at War, had discovered his abilities, to a membership in the new Council of India, with a salary of 10,000*l.* and unlimited power and patronage. His widow said that the appointment was a bribe; and that, his authorship of the "Letters of Junius" being known to the Ministry, he was thus pledged to silence in the future. This story is improbable, and, if true, the pledge was broken. At any rate, Francis had earned a good post, and he made the most of it. Concerning his seven years of Indian life and its memorable result in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Mr. Merivale writes fully, and with much help from Francis's own memoirs of the period. But the impression produced by his narrative differs but slightly from that conveyed in Macaulay's eloquent Essay on Warren Hastings. "Thrown as he was," says Mr. Merivale, of Francis, "entirely on his own resources when in India, almost without friends qualified to be counsellors, between enemies on the one hand and dependents on the other, the peculiarities of his disposition, which comparative obscurity had hitherto kept in the background, exhibited themselves at once, and his merits and demerits, as a chief among men and administrator of a great Empire, came prominently forward: the latter, unfortunately, counterbalancing the former, rendering his great abilities almost useless, and casting a lurid shade even over the real virtues which he possessed.

Francis returned to England in 1781, and in the following year appeared an improved edition of "Junius." He was in Parliament for many years, was a favorite with the Prince of Wales, and an influential man in many ways. But the wit and force of expression that appeared in "Junius" were but faintly discernible in the speech or writing of his last fifty years. Mr. Merivale says the best that can be said for him:

Assuredly there never was a character in which light and darkness were more strongly contrasted. The deeper shades of it are brought out only too powerfully by his own revelations of his conduct and motives. With the vindictive and rancorous quality of his animosities the world are already pretty well acquainted; not so well, perhaps, with that unhappy nature which made him quarrel with one friend and benefactor after another, and leave on record the most cutting memorials of his displeasure

against them. I have felt at times, when falling in with these productions of perverse malevolence, as if it was a violation of what is due to the dead to publish them; but, in point of fact, many of the documents which contain them were evidently intended by himself for posthumous, if not earlier, publicity. Setting aside altogether the sins of which Junius was guilty in this respect, those perpetrated in the unmasked person of Francis were sufficient to constitute a heavy indictment against him. One friend, supporter, patron, and colleague, after another — Kinnoul, Chatham, Robert Wood, Calcraft, D'Oyly, Clavering, Fowke, Coota, Fox, the Prince of Wales — those who had wished well to him, defended him, showered benefits on him — appear at last, in his written records, branded with some unfriendly or contemptuous notice, some insinuated or pronounced aspersion, ungrateful at best, but treacherous also, if, as has been already conjectured, he meant those records to be known some day to the world. From such displays of character as these — and it is of no use for the honest biographer to attempt to disguise them — the observer shrinks with natural aversion. Nor can we reconcile ourselves easily to another serious, though minor, fault — the plotter-like habit of thought and conduct which he learnt from years of anonymous use of the press for personal objects, and which rendered him an object of suspicion even among those who were very imperfectly acquainted with the secrets of his early life. So far it is difficult to judge him too severely. But, look at him from another point of view, and we discover in him a man in whose domestic character great faults were redeemed, as far as they could be, by strong and disinterested affections: devoted to his father, his children, his kindred, and deeply loved in return; fond of social life, and grateful in the acknowledgment of social friendliness: not only capable of acts of generosity, but thoughtful, constant, and attentive in his kindnesses, where his heart prompted him to bestow them. And, viewing him in still another direction, we discern one of a singularly masculine turn of mind; one in whom an absorbing ambition was united, as far as it ever can be, with high-minded thoughts and honourable public conduct; honourable in all respects, except where the fatal propensities already noticed interfered; a lover of virtue; a thorough-going hater of what was mean, paltry, and corrupt in others, and unstained by suspicion of the like in himself. And in political life — find what fault we may with this or that portion of his sentiments or conduct — he was emphatically, a patriot. England may have had "many a worthier son than he;" but few, perhaps, who have rendered her more durable service, and never one who loved her better.

Francis died in 1818, nearly eighty years old.

From The Spectator.

THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

MR. PARKMAN has done ample justice to his subject. Candid and impartial, with an insight into character unclouded by any mists of prejudice, he has succeeded in bringing before us in much of its primal freshness a canvas which has long seemed blackened with the marks of time, and on which the original picture was half effaced by the figures of a later date which crowded the foreground.

It is difficult, amid the whirl of railways, the hurry of steamboats, and the hum of a countless population, to realize New York as a wild village, Quebec a mere dot in the else unbroken wilderness, and Montreal a solitude, its silence broken by the gathering together of wild Indians at the voice of the French Jesuit; the finger of the latest off-spring of European civilization and priestly power touching the already rotting body of worn-out barbarism, and thinking with the magic touch to make the dry bones live. Nor can we arraign at the bar of human judgment the band of devoted men who left home, land, and whatever was most dear to men of gentle nurture and cultivated intellect, to carry into the wilderness a medicine which had no power against a disease whose name was Death.

Mr. Parkman turns over for us a page of history, we may do well to pause and read, and get, perhaps, some dim insight into problems which seem at first hopelessly inexplicable. One has well said, "In all the soul's experiments there has always remained in the last analysis a residuum it could not resolve." And the science has yet to be born or revealed, which shall silence our questioning as to the why, the wherefore, and the end of the vast savage tribes which dwindle away before the footsteps of the white man as wild grass before the ploughshare. But none the less is it worth while to analyze the process of decay, to see the two forces in juxtaposition, and watch the issue. "God comes to see us without bell." And it may be, in the quietness we gather around our inner selves in the contemplation of a dead past, we may perceive more truth than is discernible by the spirit when its intensest side is turned towards the hum of the present.

More than two hundred years have passed away since Le Jeune and his brother Jesuit, De Nouë, entered the cottage of the widow of the first settler in Canada, "to

offer beneath her roof the long forbidden sacrifice of the Mass." Few were the people speaking their own tongue in that wild land, and fewer still hailed their arrival, for the fur traders and few soldiers who formed the sole European population looked with a jealous eye on the advent of the Jesuits among them. Nor were they in the foreground of the missionaries' thoughts. They had not left France, with all that France meant to them, behind, to look after a few stray sheep, but to win, as they fondly dreamed, a kingdom for the Church. The wild tribes of the Iroquois, the Hurons, and the Algonquins were to sit clothed and in their right mind at the foot of the Cross. It was no easy task they set themselves. "The true Iroquois, or Five Nations, extended through central New York from the Hudson to the Genesee. . . . The vast tract of wilderness from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from the Carolinas to Hudson's Bay was divided between two great families of tribes, distinguished by a radical difference of language;" whilst a part of Virginia and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, south-eastern New York, New England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Lower Canada were occupied, so far as occupied at all, by tribes speaking various Algonquin languages and dialects. Nor were the members of these wild tribes simply degraded savages, with their minds a blank, ready for any impression. Custom supplied to them the place of law. Nor were they without the rude elements of a democratic government. They had chiefs for war, chiefs in council, and the representatives of each tribe and section, all chosen by the people, all meeting as on equal ground, yet with clearly defined rank, and in the "Senate," which held its meetings around the smoky fires of the blackened wigwams, any man took part in the discussions whose age and experience qualified him to do so. "It was," says Mr. Parkman, "merely the gathered wisdom of the nation." And we find the younger men and the women had each their councils from which deputies were sent to the larger assembly, by whom all questions concerning the great interests of Indian life were settled. Their ignorance of writing was compensated by a singular device; the wampum belts, made of strung beads, served the purpose of more civilized records. The events, speeches, or covenants made from time to time were signified by curious devices on the belts, which were committed to the guardianship of old men of the nation, who were expected to remember and interpret their

* *The Jesuits in North America.* By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. 1867.

meaning. And by this means their memories were tasked and cultivated to a point which often astonished the European officials who were brought in contact with them. These tribes, too, were not without certain laws concerning crime and its punishment. Murder was not atoned for by the death of the murderer, but by presents to the family of the slain, which presents had to be sufficient in value to satisfy their demands, otherwise the murderer was delivered over to them as a slave, but might in no instance be put to death. In cases of robbery the injured party might "not only retake his property by force if he could, but also strip the robber of all he had." They had their own rough discipline, sternly enforced, by which their hands were held together in war; each band under its own chief, and yet each man having "a voice in the conduct of affairs, and never for a moment divorced from his wild spirit of independence." The constant aim of the chief, Mr. Parkman says, was to exercise authority without seeming to do so, and adds that they were no richer, often poorer, than the others, as foul, greasy, and unsavoury as the rest, yet in them withal was often seen a dignity of bearing which ochre and bear's grease could not hide.

Their religion, such as it was, amounted to little more than superstitious dread of every living thing, which from its very universality of object lost everything like a definite hold over their actions. They apologized to the very animals they killed, but killed them none the less. To them the sun was a beneficent being, the moon malignant; and the Iroquois recognized another being, "Taounyawatha, or Hiawatha, said to be a divinely appointed messenger." But whatever might be the Indian's vague conception of some higher power than was visible around him, he never clothed this being with any attributes higher than those shared by the lowest and most degraded of the human race. The nearest approach they appear to have made to anything like a purer thought than their daily life afforded was in the belief that all Nature was sentient, sleeping in winter, but in summer keenly alive to their every utterance. So that tales embodying their religious belief were never told except in winter, lest the Spirits of Nature awake should hear and take offence. But there was a darker side to the picture, on which we do not care to dwell, nor does Mr. Parkman linger on it long; the habitations of these ends of the earth are full of cruelty,

there was no doubt of the existence of cannibalism among them, the practice of torture in its cruellest forms was their pastime, and their homes were a scene of wild, unbridled license. Into their midst, with their lives in their hands, came the French Jesuits. It is not for us, at this moment, nor does Mr. Parkman, pause to examine critically the mighty machine of which the individual Jesuit formed not so much as a lynch-pin. Enough, that the men who in obedience to its orders went out to Canada were honest and devoted, burning with zeal, holding their lives cheap, so that they might rescue these wild Indians from the Devil's grip. We may smile at their rejoicings over children clandestinely baptised with sugared water, may even see a relation between their superstitious belief that every wild Indian so signed with the cross was safe, and the superstitions and necromancy they denounced; but by very force of their own devotedness, their purer manners, and the Christianity which, apart from the rubbish with which they had overlaid it, saturated their lives, a result must have been attained, however little commensurate with the idea on which their mission was founded. The information they have handed down to us of the innermost life of these wild tribes is in itself invaluable.

Never had men a better opportunity for forming a correct judgment. Determined to master the language, determined in its widest sense to become all things to all men if by any means some might be brought into the fold of the Church, the Jesuit, even such an one as Le Jeune, bore the hardships of an Indian's roving life, helped to carry the heavy burdens, sat in the filthy dens which served them for a home, and bore with patience the vile banter worse than blows heaped on him, spending months in the midst of a life which had reached the lowest depths of social degradation, and at the close of a toilsome winter had learned the little progress that could be made, unless these wandering hordes could be settled in fixed abodes, and determined to direct the eyes of the missionaries to where, "by the vast lakes of the west dwelt numerous stationary populations, and particularly the Hurons, on the lake which bears their name." The way was full of peril, "Toil, hardship, famine, filth, sickness, solitude, insult — all that is most revolting to men nurtured among arts and letters, all that is most terrific to monastic credulity; such were the promise and the reality of the Huron Mission."

"But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

Brébeuf, Chaumonot, Garnier, Daniel, all live before us in these pages, preserving their own individuality, while blending their efforts towards one common end. And with their names are united others not less worthy of notice. Joques, scholar and martyr; Marie de St. Bernard, the young nun whose merriment was like the old familiar music of home to the grave, weary sisters she helped so indefatigably in their efforts to aid the pest-stricken natives; Chomedey de Maisonneuve, the brave founder of Montreal, — these and many others are carefully portrayed. Their labours were all unavailing, the Indian's hour of doom had struck, and he was to perish by suicide. Not by the sword of the white man, but by deadly internal feud, famine, and disease the work of extermination went on. A few "harmless weavers of baskets and sewers of mocassins" on the banks of the St. Charles remain to recall the memory of the great Huron nation. The very demon of war seemed to have entered into the Iroquois; they rushed from one scene of battle to another, till they had mown down all other tribes before them. "They made a solitude, and called it peace," but discovered too late that their triumphs had cost them their own life-blood; for more than half a century they remained "a terror and a scourge to the colonists of New France," but it was but the feeble flickering of the candle in the socket. One act in the life of that great continent had closed. "New scenes succeed, and other actors enter on the stage." We hope Mr. Parkman will raise the curtain as speedily as possible.

From the London Review.

LADIES' PETS.

It is almost impossible to enter society without encountering ladies' pets. The name is doubtless suggestive enough, yet it is liable to many misinterpretations. A lady's pet may mean anything. A dog, a bird, a horse, or a squirrel might be as easily understood by the term as a man. Yet it is certain that when we talk of ladies' pets, we mean nothing more nor less than men. There is a vast variety of ladies' pets. It is not to be disputed that there are some ladies who insist upon making pets of men worthier a better fate. We

have nothing to do with them. The hapless man who is forced into being the recipient of the smiles and glances and signs of a general feminine partiality, is to be pitied, not despised. Those who know what he has to endure will feel for him. It is not as if he could help himself. He may have achieved a reputation for doing what he never even so much as meditated. He may be good-looking, without any desire that his looks should invite so penal a favouritism. He may have a becoming address, or waltz neatly, or have a white hand, or a small foot, or prospects, or money. The steady purpose with which ladies insist upon petting him is dreadful. He unwittingly provokes his fate wherever he goes. We do not say that there are many such men. Yet few who know life well can have failed to detect their existence. They are admirable in a multitude of points. They have unconsciously committed the sin of being pleasing, and they have to expiate their error by enduring the petting of ladies. With these we have nothing to do. We repeat, that they are to be pitied, not despised.

But the creature upon whom we have a few remarks to offer is of a very different kind. It is obvious that ladies are not silly enough to make pets of men who have not one single merit with which they can recommend themselves. Generally, however, it will take one a long time to discover what this merit is. This is only natural, considering that most often this merit happens to be a question of personal appearance, and tastes, we all know, are so curiously prone to differ. The most ordinary kind of ladies' pets is the individual to be met out at evening parties. A quick observer can detect him at a glance. There he stands, with his marvellously-parted hair, his immaculate necktie, which kept him such a dreary while before the looking-glass; a simpering smile upon his lips, the precursor of a flood of silly talk when occasion shall demand him to prove his right to connect himself with his kind by the exercise of his tongue. Watch him for a few moments after he has entered: he stands awhile looking around him, alternating his glances at the company with glances into the nearest mirror. Now he approaches a group of ladies. There is no diffidence in his address. There is a sober certainty of being delightfully received which animates his manner with a species of impertinence truly commendable. By-and-by you will have some of these ladies tapping him with their fans. Wherever he goes he is greeted

with parted lips disclosing shining teeth—false or natural. He considers he has a right to display that kind of frivolous officiousness which, in most men, would be resented as a liberty. He resembles a very bad sort of spoilt child. He has generally penetration enough, however, to know his friends from his foes. Some girls he would no more dare approach than a Channel pilot would approach the Goodwin Sands. If he strikes upon good sense he is helplessly shipwrecked.

Ladies are very capricious in their choice of pets. Observers may remark that middle age, from the frequency of its selection, seems most preferable. A well-dyed man is not unfrequently found to be a pet. He may be in the army—a colonel. *En paranthèse*, we may observe that the army yields more pets than any other pursuit. He may be married. But what of that? The wife of this kind of ladies' pet will generally be found a little weak-eyed woman, very suggestive of having a story attached to her, inclined to dismal emotional displays when her husband approaches her, and when she thinks people are looking. But she never interferes with him; and in justice to him it must be confessed that he very seldom seems to interfere with her. In spite of the proximity of his wife, his eyes will generally be found to possess a strange, anti-conjugal expression. He throws his head back when he laughs, and is fond of whispering in ears—especially ears that overlook a full and feebly-clad neck and shoulders. His wife has a pet name for him, which he does not resent, and by which he is known amongst the ladies. He will be sometimes found old-fashioned in his manners. There is a kind of movement about him suggestive of those times when Bath and Tunbridge Wells were places of fashionable resort. He has a lively recollection of the "Rolliad," and can quote from it. He has known, or feigns to have known, men whose names are daily growing historical. This, though a tacit confession of his years, he never seems to consider from that point of view; yet it is certain that the deadliest insult you can offer him would be to hint at the factitious color of his hair, or deliberately remind him of his birthday. Time, however, is confessed in his way of dancing. He is perhaps the only man in the room who could walk a minuet. He elaborates the movements of a quadrille with singular solemnity; but when the figure is over, his lolling head, his ogling eyes, his moving lips, his crossed legs, his chain-dangling fin-

gers, proclaim him to have relapsed into the demeanour and the language which have won for him the honourable and manly title of a ladies' pet.

Women are accountable for a great deal; if for nothing else, for having originated ladies' pets. Were it possible to be serious for a moment over such a subject, might not the origin of such a feminine creation be attributable to the antagonistic feeling which it seems the sex entertain against men? Shall we be considered idly philosophical if we perceive in the formation of ladies' pets the expression of the revolt against men which women are ever making, and which they conceive they can best carry out by degrading our sex to their utmost? We narrow their sphere of action; they cannot limit ours, but they make as many of its operators absurd as they possibly can. There is not a single male creature who has been made a coxcomb through the admiration of women that we do not interpret into the expression of a protest against the ascendancy of our sex. It is a subtle philosophy, and we pay women a high compliment by conceiving them capable of planning and executing it. Whatever serves to make men ridiculous necessarily helps to heighten by comparison the characters of women. Considered thus, ladies' pets will not be thought so contemptible as they may at first sight appear.

THE PUBLISHING SEASON.—On Thursday week, Mr. Murray, of Albermarle-street, entertained at dinner some sixty of the leading booksellers of London on the occasion of his annual trade sale, at the Albion, in Aldersgate-street, when the following new works and new editions were disposed of, the company not separating until nearly ten o'clock:—1,300 Motley's "United Netherlands," vols. 3 and 4; 600 Lady Brownlow's "Reminiscences;" 1,800 Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey;" 3,800 Dr. Smith's "English Latin Dictionaries;" 500 Sir W. Page Wood's "Continuity of Scripture;" 1,000 Smiles's "Huguenots;" 500 "Life of Sir Charles Barry;" 1,200 "Darwin on Animals and Plants;" 200 Sir Roderick Murchison's "Siluria;" 1,300 Lord Derby's new edition of the "Iliad;" 8,000 Smith's Latin and Classical Dictionaries; 7,500 Smith's Smaller Histories; 600 Layard's Popular Narratives; 600 Archbishop of York's new work; 400 White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew;" 600 Dr. Smith's "Bible Dictionary;" 1,000 Hallam's Histories; 8,500 "Little Arthur's History of England;" 11,400 Students' Historical Manuals; 2,500 Byron's works; 9,300 Mrs. Markham's Histories; 6,000 Smiles's Industrial Biographies; 800 Murray's "British Classics;" 14,000 Smith's "Latin and Greek course."